

THE GRENADA SENTINEL.

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A GREAT VICTORY FOR THE MASSES WON

Vardamanism With all the Office Seekers and Fee Hunters That Went With it Buried Under an Avalanche of Ballots. The Women of Mississippi Voted Almost in a Body Against The Man Who Said His Own Country "Stabbed Germany in The Back." A Great Day For Higher and Better Things in Mississippi Politics.

Shout and let the cannon roar. A new day has dawned in Mississippi politics. The State has put its everlasting seal on demagoguery, pelf, plunder, boodle and lechery.

The Democratic primary election held throughout Mississippi Tuesday, September 5, registered the will of about 170,000 voters a majority of whom said by their ballots that the condemnation pronounced upon J. K. Vardaman at the primary held in 1918 when Pat Harrison kicked the dust out of Vardaman's political trousers should not be revoked or set aside.

The primary said that the sentence of retirement to private life pronounced upon Vardaman at the primary in 1918 was a just one and that he should not be pardoned for the acts for which he was then tried and sentenced for the proper reason that he had shown no repentance or atonement. But on the contrary he had rather gloried in what he was then tried for, and had been foolish enough to insist that the verdict of "guilty" returned by the untainted Democracy in 1918, was a foolish one and that the jury did not know what it was doing.

It has been editorially stated a number of times in this paper that "it is written in the hearts and minds of the people of Mississippi that Vardaman shall never again hold public office" and the primary Tuesday showed that these editorial statements reflected the sentiment of Mississippi.

Few men ever entered the United States Senate who had the political opportunity that J. K. Vardaman had. He was elected on a tidal wave. The feeling was intense in the State, and the opportunity was in his hands to heal the sores at home and ingratiate himself into the confidence of even a large per cent of those who had opposed him. But instead of acting the part of a man with even the first elements of statesmanship, he did in Washington just what he had always done, that is played the part of a jackass in the clothes of a supposed statesman. When he got to Washington City, his supreme vanity and blind egotism followed him; he wanted to be the only pebble on the beach and when he found out that he could not play that, he kicked up a rough house, raised the devil with the head of his party and the President of his country. In other words, he was the sore spot, and like the boil on the man's anatomy, he got attention.

The World-War started. President Wilson, as every sensible, reading man knew, was anxious to keep this country out of the war. He was so careful and discreet, that many, who usually froth at the mouth when something is said about the war, said that Wilson was really "too proud to fight" even if the flag of his country was insulted.

Time passed on. The presidential election of 1916 came and one of the planks in the Democratic platform was "peace with honor"; yet when peace was found to be impossible, Vardaman, who had swallowed cannon, spat in the face, so to speak, of Mt. Vesuvius chewed up bullets as he would dish rags, swore by the point of his knife that Wilson was reelected in 1916 for the sole reason that he had stood for peace. Vardaman used the word "peace" in the party platform without the words "with honor."

It is needless here to review the tortuous course followed by Mr. Vardaman during the war and how by word and deed he sought to hamstring his own country and give encouragement to the German. If he did not know that his words and acts as a Senator were giving aid and comfort to Germany, then he is unable to tell a hawk from a handsaw and is utterly incapable of serving in any public capacity, for the main reason that he cannot draw the distinction between fidelity and treason.

This in brief brings Mr. Vardaman's record before the public. But aside from his political sins and official infidelity and incompetency, he has had the worst gang of political charlatans, grafters and buccaners as a part of his political family and satellites that ever infested a southern state. They grafted from the state penitentiary and when the then Governor Earl Brewer undertook to prosecute them, the most mendacious fight was made on him. They did not want to give up their plunder and their booty. They did not want to get where they could not place their hands in the state treasury. Yet Gov. Brewer succeeded in landing several of the gang in the state penitentiary and in showing that the state had been mulcted to the tune of several hundred thousand dollars.

But graft was not the worst thing these men who delighted to call themselves "Vardamanites" did. They sold pardons. The State Insane hospital was turned into a veritable whore house and the most unblushing lechery was practiced there with the knowledge and connivance of these high Vardaman officials. On top of the Insane Hospital scandal, came,

among many other grievous official sins, the Birkhead suit against Lee Russell, Governor of the State, for seduction, and one of the answers to the woman's suit was Lee's statement that he took her into his own home, to his fireside and to the table with his own wife when he said he knew that she was a woman who had bartered her virtue.

Taxes have been raised under Vardaman's Bilbo and Vardaman's Russell. Assessments of property have been raised under Vardaman's Bilbo and Vardaman's Russell, and the expense bill for the state run up from around fourteen million dollars to twenty million dollars annually besides the issuance of bonds and more bonds. The Russell administration has issued \$7,500,000 in bonds since the legislature adjourned last spring and \$7,500,000 since he went into office in January, 1920. Partisan ship, petty politics and every other despicable thing has been practiced by these Vardamanites at the expense of the public.

Vardaman announced when Pat Harrison licked him that he was going to run again, and at once he began to lay the foundation for this campaign on prejudice. The gross misstatements of the acts of a Democratic president were made. Facts were distorted and every passion that can sway human beings was brought into play.

Hubert Stephens announced after the most persistent and earnest solicitations by some of the leading and best Democrats of the State.

Thousands of the best and most loyal Democrats of the state, including hundreds of Confederate soldiers, did not think that Vardaman should be allowed to run on the Democratic ticket. These men thought that his attacks on not only President Wilson but on other democratic leaders as well as his praises of scores of leading Republicans, together with his acts in the Senate in consorting with and voting with, the Republicans, placed him outside of the breastworks. But it was thought best to allow the Democrats to once again get a lick at him and give him a drubbing that he and his associates would never forget.

A most damnable fight was made on Hubert Stephens. He was charged with being a Catholic where it was thought that it would injure him; he was branded a Ku Klux on the coast where there are many Catholics and where it was thought that would cost him votes. Poor old Sambo was ridden around. Sambo has served as a horse for Vardaman in many political campaigns and past successes made them try him again. Stephens was charged with having a negro private secretary at Washington City and the fact that his father, like thousands of other loyal Mississippians during carpet bag days, saw fit to vote for a southern negro rather than a carpetbag republican, was brought into play, notwithstanding that this happened two years before Hubert Stephens was born.

Hubert Stephens made the fight with the aid of practically only the newspapers up until the first primary. Fortunately for him, he had the aid and the cooperation of almost all the newspapers—less than a dozen supported Vardaman—but when the first primary was over, the bulk of the men and the women who support the churches, maintain the schools and who pay the taxes and run the farms and other business enterprises, woke up to the danger that confronted the State in the possibility of Vardaman's election, and organized to elect a loyal Democrat, one who is not under suspicion and who has never betrayed a trust.

These men realized that Mississippi was the butt of much ridicule abroad because of Vardaman and his kind. They knew that the State was discredited abroad because of Vardaman and his political pirates. They knew that one of the biggest enterprises, the Bogalusa mills, would have been in Mississippi and paying taxes in Mississippi but for Vardaman and his political breed. They knew that the State needs more people and more capital to develop its farms and help it pay its taxes but with Vardaman and his kind in authority progress along this line is impossible.

These same people who support the schools and the churches and so forth saw the shadow of another Bilbo or another Russell in the governor's office should Vardaman win this fight, so they said, "they shall not pass," "away with them." These same people realized that the plague of Bilbo and Russell is worse than the plagues of Egypt.

So Hubert Stephens' nomination sounds the political death knell of Russell, Bilbo and other scoundrels that yelped in Vardaman's tracks.

The issue was clear cut. The loyal Democrats of the State met it unflinchingly. They proclaimed from every hill top that Vardaman's success meant some more out of the same kennel. And just as good women appeared at the Saviors' tomb at the proper time, and as they have been on the scene at every sacred and trying mo-

ment in the history of civilized man, so did they come to the rescue of Mississippi in this serious hour and saved the day. They "killed cock robin." They "struck the blow that killed father." Women are patriotic. Vardaman's perfidy during the war and this, on top of the crowd that barked in his political yard, was more than the women could stand. Fully 90 per cent of the women voters sank the knife to the hilt in Vardaman's cause. Truly—may it once again be said, "God bless the women."

Stephens not only got the vote he got before, but he got also the Kearney vote and more besides. In many places, he took the bait gourd and ran away with it. His race is remarkable.

In Grenada County, Stephens carried every beat and every box save Pea Ridge, Providence and Oxberry. His vote at Grenada box was 31.

The Grenada County Stephens Club, headed by Dr. J. W. Young, did a great work. The County was perfectly organized and somebody was named to look after every doubtful voter. In this work, the ladies did fine committee work and greatly facilitated team work in getting those to the polls who did not vote in the first primary.

The victory is a great one. There is glory enough for every loyal son and daughter. The Sentinel is glad to have had some humble part in securing a triumph for the home, for the church, for better government and in emphasizing the demand for a higher standard in public officials.

Grenada County did nobly. She always does when the issue is clearly and fairly presented.

Had the Russell-Vardaman-Bilbo-Burch crowd not had the penitentiary management and the Mississippi levee to draw from, they would not have had the thousands of dollars that they had to spend in the campaign.

There can be little doubt that they spent as much as \$3,000, for advertising in the Commercial Appeal alone, outside of what was spent in New Orleans newspapers and other papers of the State.

There can also be but little doubt that every man who is on the payroll of the State penitentiary was made to "cough up" some campaign "dough," or else given to understand that his job was gone.

There can also be but little doubt that the tax payers of Mississippi footed the traveling expense bills for members of the levee boards and some of the penitentiary management to ride around over the State to try to hoodwink the people into electing Vardaman, which meant more of other isms that have shocked the decency of the people of the State.

But the fight is over. Right has triumphed. Many voted for Vardaman because they had failed to properly inform themselves. The vast majority of the people want to cast an honest, fair ballot, and when they fail to do so, it is because they have failed to get all the facts, or have not taken the time or had the opportunity to analyze the situation.

Now for a better day.

Below is the vote by precincts:

| | Hubert D. Stephens | Jas. K. Vardaman |
|------------|--------------------|------------------|
| Grenada | 521 | 175 |
| Tie Plant | 43 | 10 |
| Elliott | 17 | 11 |
| Graysport | 46 | 5 |
| Providence | 27 | 67 |
| Spears | 25 | 14 |
| Kirkman | 27 | 15 |
| Hardy | 29 | 10 |
| Pea Ridge | 26 | 28 |
| Oxberry | 12 | 22 |
| Holcomb | 86 | 46 |
| Total | 859 | 403 |

IRON HORSE SHOW TO BE ATTRACTION THE TRI-STATE FAIR.

The Fordson Agricultural and Industrial Tractor Show to be held in Memphis September 23rd to 30th in connection with the Tri-State Fair, promises to be replete with interest for the public. No exhibit of the Sentinel is informed by Mr. A. J. McCaslin, local Ford dealer, will be more fascinating than what is known as the "line drive."

This device is so constructed that the tractor can be driven forward at varying speeds, or guided right or left around sharp corners or turns, or stopped quickly—merely by the manner in which the lines are pulled.

The practical value of this device is that it becomes possible for one man to do the work of two men. For instance, a horse-drawn moving machine may be hitched to the Fordson Tractor. The farmer may sit on the machine and drive this Fordson just as he is in the habit of driving a horse.

Again, in road-building work, much machinery requires the services of two men as now operated. A road scraper usually requires a man on the scraper and one to drive—so with many graders. With the "line drive" and the Fordson this work can all be done by one man.

Mr. McCaslin further stated between sixty and seventy manufacturers of national reputation from half the states in the Union, will exhibit at this Exposition.

SUCCESSFUL SENATORIAL CANDIDATE HERE

Friends Flock to Depot and Bring Him Up Town Where He Speaks Between Trains. Makes Ringing Address and Warns People to Keep Up The Fight to Redeem The Government Next Year.

Hon. Hubert Stephens, senatorial nominee, came up to Grenada Wednesday afternoon on train No. 4 and remained over until No. 34 went north to Holly Springs. As soon as it was found that he was at the depot, a crowd thronged the Grenada hotel to extend greetings and congratulations.

The welcome was so enthusiastic that Mr. Stephens was persuaded to come up town and give Grenada a chance to greet him. In a few minutes a crowd of several hundred gathered at the city park and when Mr. Stephens arose to speak, a Democratic ovation was given him.

He stated that he was very weary of body and mind, that he had been going at a rapid gait for several weeks, speaking from two to four times a day, and that he was hurrying to his home in New Albany in order that he might get a little rest to be ready for the rally which was being planned at Jackson for the night of September 8.

Mr. Stephens stated that he was glad to look into the faces of Grenada people and that he wished he were able to tell them how much he appreciated the great work done in the cause which he represented. He stated that the election Tuesday was an awaking day in Mississippi and

that it meant not only the political burial of Jim Vardaman, but also the burial of Russell, Burch, Bilbo and others of that ilk. He said that he felt that he should apologize to any audience of ladies and gentlemen for mentioning the name of Bilbo, and then he proceeded to state what the dictionary said the word "bilbo" means.

He reviewed briefly some of the political happenings in the State and urged the people to be on guard to keep Russell and that bunch forever in the political background.

He said that he greatly appreciated the great honor conferred upon him in nominating him to be a United States Senator, and that he pledged the best in him to his State's service and that he could be counted on at all times to be a Democrat.

Mr. Stephens paid some gracious compliments to the ladies for the great work done throughout the State and especially did he thank the ladies for their interest in the cause of clean government of Grenada County for their active and pure politics.

Grenada was glad to greet Mr. Stephens, and had he had not to hurry to his train, he would have had to shake the hands of several hundred people.

EDITORIAL LIVES WIRE FROM LOUISIANA

Former Mississippian Who Married Grenada Girl Rejoices Over Redemption of Mississippi From Vardaman-Bilbo-Russell-Burch Co. A Unique Message.

The editor of The Sentinel received Thursday morning the following telegram from his friend, R. W. Maxey, dated at Shreveport, La., Sept. 6. Mr. Maxey's wife was Miss Daisy Williams of Grenada:

"Great God said the woodchuck when the owl hit him. The Grenada Sentinel and the true American Democrats of Mississippi must have shown the enemies of American's greatest president, Woodrow Wilson, where Tony hid the wedge. Having married one of Grenada's fairest flowers and being an old citizen of Mississippi I congratulate friend Lawrence.

"R. W. MAXEY"

STATE SANITARY INSPECTOR MAKES INSPECTION IN GRENADA.

Dr. W. D. Beacham, State Sanitary Inspector succeeding Dr. C. M. Shipp who was promoted to another branch of the State Health Department, was in Grenada a few days ago for the purpose of making an inspection of the various places of business. Dr. Beacham stated that he was greatly pleased at the interest manifested by the people of Grenada and their civic pride in the matter of sanitation. He said that he appreciated the cooperation given him by the Mayor and Board of Aldermen and it was the doctor's belief that it would be to the best interest of the people of Grenada to have built the sanitary slaughter house that is being discussed. Dr. Beacham stated that there were several places here where food and drink were manufactured and offered for sale were not kept as they should be and he further stated that he would return in the near future and, if no change had been made, that some might look for prosecutions.

PAPER LATE THIS WEEK.

The Sentinel is reaching its subscribers considerably later than usual this week for several reasons. The first is on account of the election and the other is on account of failure to receive when expected some matter that was set for us out of town. We hope that our readers will make due the allowance.

THE GRENADA SENTINEL

CARD OF THANKS

We are grateful indeed to each and everyone who was so thoughtful of us when our infant twins died. We are grateful indeed to each and everyone who was so thoughtful of us when one of our infant twins died. While he had been with us but a few days, yet he was dear to us and only parents know what it means to give up one of their children. May heaven's richest blessings be upon all.

Very truly,

S. A. WEIR AND WIFE

Grenada, Miss., Sept. 6, 1922.

An idea of the magnitude of a railway system with more than 6,000 miles of line is given in the statement made in the September number of the Illinois Central Magazine that during 1920 and 1921 that railway system purchased more than seven miles of fire hose at a cost of \$26,143.50, or \$38 a day. The article is written to encourage employees to be careful in the use of fire hose.

| | | |
|---------------|--------|--------|
| Tate | 763 | 738 |
| Tippah | 2,557 | 957 |
| Tishomingo | 1,015 | 836 |
| Tunica | 95 | 373 |
| Union | 1,588 | 2,310 |
| Walsh | 861 | 594 |
| Warren | 879 | 1,951 |
| Washington | 301 | 1,200 |
| Wayne (6) | 391 | 523 |
| Webster | 1,468 | 786 |
| Wilkinson (7) | 344 | 426 |
| Winston | 1,036 | 584 |
| Yalobusha | 1,106 | 1,151 |
| Yazoo | 1,110 | 1,551 |
| Totals | 80,673 | 90,097 |

Figures in parenthesis indicate missing boxes.

New goods are arriving daily but owing to delay of certain merchandise we are unable to announce the definite date of our informal opening.

Call and see what we have in stock now.

L. FRIEDMAN

Corner Main and Depot Streets

WOLFE AND TATUM ITEMS.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Williams of near Center Point, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Jim Wilson.

Mrs. Ethel Thomerson and children spent Friday with Mrs. Julia Talbert.

Mr. A. L. Rounsaville went to Grenada Saturday.

The Big-Town Round Up

By Wm. MacLeod Raine

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

Copyright by William MacLeod Raine

"Mr. Whitford has put in twenty years of his life building up the Bird Cage into a good property. It's a one-man mine. He made it out of a hole in the ground, developed it, expanded it, gave it a market value. He's always protected the stockholders and played the game square with them. Don't it look like he ought to stay in control of it?"

"Did he send you here to tell me that?"

"No, he didn't. But he's gettin' along in years, Bromfield. It don't look hardly right to me for you to step in and throw him out. What do you think about it, yourself?"

The clubman flushed with anger. "I think that it's d-d impertinent of you



"I Think It's D-d Impertinent of You to Come Here Meddling in My Business."

to come here meddling in my business. I might have expected it. You've always been an impertinent meddler." "Mebbeso," agreed Clay serenely, showing no surprise at this explosion. "But I'm here. And I put a question. Shall I ask it again?"

"No need. I'm going to take what the law allows me—what I and my friends have bought and paid for in the open market. The more it hurts Whitford the better I'll be pleased," answered Bromfield, his manner of cynical indifference swept away by gathering rage. The interference of this "boulder" filled him with a passion of impotent hate.

"Is that quite correct? Did you buy control in the market? In point of fact, aren't you holdin' a bunch of proxies because Whitford wrote and asked the stockholders to sign them for you to vote? What you intend doing is a moral fraud, no matter what its legal aspect is. You'd be swindling the very stockholders you claim to represent, as well as abusing the confidence of Whitford."

"What you think isn't of the least importance to me, Mr. Lindsay. If you're here merely to offer me your advice, I suppose I shall now have regretfully to say good-day." The New Yorker rose, a thin lip smile scarcely veiling his anger at this intruder who had brought his hopes to nothing.

"I reckon I'll not hurry off, Mr. Bromfield," Clay replied easily. "You might think I was mad at you. I'll stick around awhile and talk this over."

"Unfortunately I have an engagement," retorted the other icily.

"When?"

"I really think, Mr. Lindsay, that is my business."

"I'm makin' it mine," said Clay curtly.

Bromfield stared. "I beg your pardon?"

"I said it was mine too. You see I bought a couple shares of Bird Cage yesterday. I'd hate to see Whitford ousted from control. I've got confidence in him."

"It's your privilege to vote that stock this afternoon. At least it would be if it had been transferred to you in the books. I'll vote my stock according to my own views."

"I wonder," murmured Clay aloud.

"What's that?" snapped Bromfield.

"I was just figurin' on what would happen if you got sick and couldn't attend that annual meeting this afternoon," drawled the westerner. "I reckon mebbe some of the stockholders you've got lined up would break away and join Whitford."

"I'm talkin' to you, Mr. Bromfield. It's not polite for you to start phoning, not even to the police, while we're still engaged in conversation."

"Don't you try to interfere with me," said the man who paid the telephone bill. "I'll not submit to such an indignity."

"I'm not the only one that interferes. You fixed up quite an entertainment for me the other night, didn't you? Wouldn't you kinda call that interferin' some? I sure ought to comb yore hair for it."

Bromfield made a hasty decision to get out. He started for the door. Clay traveled in that direction too. They arrived simultaneously. Clarendon backed away. The Arizonaan locked the door and pocketed the key.

His host grew weakly violent. From Whitford he had heard a story about two men in a locked room that did not reassure him now. One of the men had been this cattleman. The other—well, he had suffered. "Let me out! I'll not stand this! You can't bully me!" he cried shrilly.

"Don't pull yore picket-pin, Bromfield," advised Lindsay. "I've elected myself boss of the rodeo. What I say goes. You'll save yoreself a heap of worry if you make up yore mind to that right away."

"What do you want? What are you trying to do? I'm not a barroom brawler like Durand. I don't intend to fight with you."

"You've certainly relieved my mind," murmured Clay lazily. "What's yore own notion of what I ought to do to you, Bromfield? You invited me out as a friend and led me into a trap after you had fixed it up. Wouldn't a first-class thrashin' with a hawsswhip be about right?"

Bromfield turned pale. "I've got a weak heart," he faltered.

"I'll say you have," agreed Clay.

"It's pumpin' water in place of blood right now, I'll bet. Did you ever have a real honest-to-G-d lickin' when you was a boy?"

The New Yorker knew he was helpless before this clear-eyed, supple athlete who walked like a god from Olympus. One can't lap up half a dozen highballs a day for an indefinite number of years without getting flabby, nor can he spend himself in feeble dissipation and have reserves of strength to call upon when needed. The tongue went dry in his mouth. He began to swallow his Adam's apple.

"Let's look at this thing from all sides," went on Clay cheerfully. "If we decide by a majority of the voting stock—and I'm carryin' enough proxies so that I've got control—that you'd ought to have a whalin', why, o' course, there's nothin' to it but get to business and make a thorough job."

"Maybe I didn't do right about Mad-dock's."

"No mebbe about that. You acted like a yellow hound."

"I'm sorry. I apologize."

"I don't reckon I can use apologies. I might make a bargain with you."

"I'll be glad to make any reasonable bargain."

"How'd this do? I'll vote my stock and proxies in the Bromfield Punishment company, Limited, against the whalin', and you vote yore stock and proxies in the Bird Cage company to return the present board and directorate."

"That's coercion."

"Well, so it is."

"The law—"

"Did you go hire a lawyer for an opinion before you paid Durand to do me up?"

"You've got no right to hold me a prisoner here to help Whitford."

"All right, I won't. I'll finish my business with you and when I'm through, you can go to the annual meetin'—if you feel up to travelin' that far."

"I'll give you a thousand dollars to let me alone."

"That'd be a thousand and fifty you had given me, wouldn't it?" returned Lindsay gayly.

Tears of vexation stood in Bromfield's eyes. "All right. Let me go. I'll be fair to Whitford and arrange a deal with him."

"Get the stockholders who're with you on the 'phone and tell 'em to vote their stock as Whitford thinks best. Get Whitford and tell him the fight's off."

"If I do, will you let me go?"

"If you don't we'll return to the previous question—the annual meeting of the Bromfield Punishment company, Limited."

Bromfield got busy with the telephone.

When he had finished, Clay strolled over to a bookcase, cast his eyes over the shelves, and took out a book. It was "David Harum." He found an easy-chair, threw a leg over one arm, and presently began to chuckle.

"Are you going to keep me here all day?" asked his host sulkily.

"Only till about four o'clock. We're paired, you and me, so we'll both stay away from the election. Why don't you pick a good book and enjoy yoreself? There's a lot of A 1 readin' in that case over there. It'll sure improve yore mind."

Clarendon ground his teeth impotently.

His guest continued to grin over the good stories of the old horse-trader. When he closed the book at last, he had finished it. His watch told him that it was twenty minutes to five. Bromfield's man was at the door trying to get in. He met Lindsay going out.

"No, I can't stay to tea today, Mr. Bromfield," the Arizonaan was saying, a gleam of mirth in his eyes. "No use urging me. Honest, I've really got to be going. Had a fine time, didn't we? So long."

Bromfield used bad language.

CHAPTER XXI

In Central Park.

Johnnie burst into the kitchen beaming. "We're gonna pint for the hills, Kitty. Clay he's had a letter callin' him home."

"When are you going?"

"Thursday. Ain't that great?"

She nodded, absently. Her mind was on another tack already. "Johnnie, I'm going to ask Miss Whitford here for dinner tonight."

"Say, you ce'tainly got the best notions, honeybug," he shouted.

"Do you think she'll come?"

"Sure she'll come."

"I'll fix up the bestest dinner ever was, and maybe—"

Her conclusion wandered off into the realm of unvoiced hopes, but her husband knew what it was as well as if she had phrased it.

When Clay came home that evening he stopped abruptly at the door. The lady of his dreams was setting the table in the dining-room and chatting gayly with an invisible Kitty in the kitchen.

The delicate fragrance of the girl's personality went to Clay's head like wine as he stepped forward and shook hands. To see her engaged in this intimate household task at his own table quickened his pulse and sent a glow through him.

"You didn't know you had invited me to dinner, did you?" she said, little fangs a-flutter in her cheeks.

"They had a gay dinner, and afterward a pleasant hour before Clay took her home."

Neither of them was in a hurry. They walked through Central park in the kindly darkness, each acutely sensitive to the other's presence.

Her gaiety and pliancy had given place to a gentle shyness. Clay let the burden of conversation fall upon her. He knew that he had come to his hour of hours and his soul was wrapped in gravity.

She too sensed what was coming, and the sex instinct in her was on tiptoe in flight. She was throbbing with excitement. Her whole being longed to hear what he had to tell her. Yet she dodged for a way of escape. Silences were too significant, too full-pulsed. She made herself talk. It did not much matter about what.

"Why didn't you tell us that it was Mr. Bromfield who struck down that man Collins? Why did you let us think you did it?" she queried.

"Well, folks in New York don't know me. What was the use of gettin' him in bad?"

"You know that wasn't the reason. You did it because—" She stopped in the midst of the sentence. It had occurred to her that this subject was more dangerous even than silence.

"I did it because he was the man you were goin' to marry," he said.

They moved side by side through the shadows. In the faint light he could make out the fine line of her exquisite throat. After a moment she spoke.

"You're a good friend, Clay. It was a big thing to do. I don't know anybody else except Dad that would have done it for me."

"You don't know anybody else that loves you as much as I do."

It was out at last, quietly and without any dramatics. A flash of soft eyes darted at him, then veiled the shining tenderness beneath long lashes.

"I've had an attack of common sense," he went on, and in his voice was a strength both audacious and patient. "I thought at first I couldn't hope to win you because of your fortune and what it had done for you. Even when I knew you liked me I felt it wouldn't be fair for me to ask you. I couldn't offer you the advantages you'd had. But I've changed my mind. I've been watching what money does to yore friends. It makes them soft. They flutter around like butterflies. They're puffers—a good many of them—because they don't pay their way. A man's a tramp if he doesn't saw wood for his breakfast. I don't want you to get like that, and if you stay here long enough you sure will. It's in my heart that if you'll come with me we'll live."

In the darkness she made a rustling movement toward him. A little sob welled up in her throat as her hands lifted to him. "Oh, Clay! I've fought against it. I didn't want to, but—I love you. Oh, I do love you!"

He took her lissom young body in his arms. Her lips lifted to his.

Presently they walked forward slowly. Clay had never seen her more lovely and radiant, though tears still clung to the outskirts of her joy.

"We're going to live—oh, every hour!" she cried to the stars, her lover's hand in hers.

Johnnie felt that Kitty's farewell dinner had gone very well. It was her first essay as a hostess, and all of them had enjoyed themselves. But, so far as he could see, it had not achieved the results for which they had been hoping.

Clay came home late and next morning was full of plans about leaving.

"Two more days and we'll hit the trail for good old Tucson," he said cheerfully.

"Y'betcha, by jollies," agreed his bandy-legged shadow.

None the less Johnnie was distressed. He believed that his friend was concealing an aching heart beneath all this attention to impending details. As a Benedict he considered it his duty to help the rest of the world get married too. A bachelor was a boob. He didn't know what was best for him. Same way with a girl. Clay was fond of Miss Beatrice, and she thought a heap of him. You couldn't fool Johnnie. No, sirree! Well, then?

Mooning on the sad plight of these two friends who were too coy or too perverse to know what was best for

them, Johnnie suddenly slapped himself a whack on the thigh. A brilliant idea had flashed into his cran-um. It proceeded to grow until he was like to burst with it.

When Lindsay rose from breakfast he was mysteriously beckoned into another room. Johnnie outlined sketchily what he had in mind. Clay's eyes danced with that spark of mischief his friends had learned to recognize as a danger signal.

"You're some sure-enough wizard, Johnnie," he admitted. "I expect you're right about girls not knowin' their own minds. You've had more experience with women than I have. If you say the proper thing to do is to abduct Miss Whitford and take her with us, why—"

"On't in a while you got to play like you're gonna treat 'em rough," said Mr. Green sagely, blushing a trifle nevertheless.

"All right. I'll let you engineer this if I can make up my mind to it after I've milled it over. I can see you know what you're doin'."

The conspirators arranged details. Johnnie was the brains of the kidnapping. Clay bought the tickets and was to take charge of the prisoner after the train was reached. They decided it would be best to get a stateroom for the girl.

"We wanta make it as easy as we can for her," said Johnnie. "O' course it's all for her own good, but we don't figure to treat her noways but like the princess she is."

"Yes," agreed Clay humbly.

According to program, carefully arranged by Johnnie, Beatrice rode down to the train with him and Kitty in their taxicab. She went on board for the final good-bye and chatted with them in their section.

The chief conspirator was as easy as a toad in a hot skillet. Now that it had come down to the actual business of taking this young woman with them against her will, he began to weaken. His heart acted very strangely, but he had to go through with it.

"Can I see you a minute in the next car, Miss Beatrice?" he asked, his voice quavering.

Miss Whitford lifted her eyebrows, but otherwise expressed no surprise.

"Certainly, Johnnie."

He led the way down the aisle into the next sleeper and stopped at one of the staterooms. Shakily he opened the door and stood aside for her to pass first.

"You want me to go in here?" she asked.

"Yes'm."

Beatrice stepped in. Johnnie followed.

Clay rose from the lounge and said, "Glad to see you, Miss Whitford."

"Did you bring me here to say good-bye, Johnnie?" asked Beatrice.

The runt's tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth. His eyes appealed dumbly to Clay.

"Better explain to Miss Whitford," said Clay, passing the buck.

"It's for yore good, Miss Beatrice," stammered the villain who had brought her. "We—we—I—I done brought you here to travel home with us."

"You—what?"

Before her slender, outraged dignity Johnnie wilted. "Kitty, she—she can chaperoon you. It's all right, ma'am. I—we—I didn't go for to do nothin' that wasn't proper. We thought—"

"You mean that you brought me here expecting me to go along with you—without my consent—without a trunk—without—"

Clay took charge of the kidnapping. "Johnnie, if I were you I'd light a

snack back to the other car. I see I'll have to treat this lady rough as you advised."

Johnnie wanted to expostulate, to deny that he had ever given such counsel, to advise an abandonment of the whole project. But his nerve unexpectedly failed him. He glanced at Clay and fled.

He was called upon the carpet immediately on joining Kitty.

"What are you up to, Johnnie? I'm not going to have you make a goose of yourself if I can help it. And where's Mr. Lindsay? You said he'd meet us here."

"Clay, he's in the next car."

"You took Miss Beatrice in there to say good-bye to him?"

"No—she—she's goin' along with us."

"Going along with us? What do you mean, Johnnie Green?"

He told her his story, not at all cheerfully. His bold plan looked very different now from what it had two days before.

Kitty rose with decision. "Well, of all the foolishness I ever heard, Johnnie, this is the limit. I'm going right to that poor girl. You've spoiled everything, between you. She'll hate Mr. Lindsay for the rest of her life. How could he be so stupid?"

Her husband followed her, crestfallen. He wanted to weep with chagrin.

Beatrice opened the door of the stateroom. She had taken off her hat and Clay was hanging it on a hook.

"Come in," she said cordially, but faintly.

Kitty did not quite understand. The atmosphere was less electric than she had expected. She stopped, taken aback at certain impressions that began to register themselves on her brain.

"Johnnie was tellin' me—"

"About how he abducted me. Yes. Wasn't it dear of him?"

"But—"

"I've decided to make the best of it and go along."

"I—your father, Mr. Whitford—"

Kitty bogged down.

Beatrice blushed. Little dimples came out with her smile. "I think I'd better let Clay explain."

"We were married two days ago, Kitty."

"What!" shouted the runt.

"We intended to ask you both to the wedding, but when Johnnie proposed to abduct Miss Whitford, I thought it a pity not to let him. So we—"

Johnnie felt on him and beat him with both fists. "You daw-goned old scallawag! I never will help you git married again!" he shouted gleefully.

"Oh, Johnnie—Johnnie—you'll be the death of me!" cried Clay. "It'll never be a dull old world so long as you stay a bandit."

"Did you really advise him to beat me, Johnnie?" asked Beatrice sweetly.

"I never would have guessed you were such a cave man."

Johnnie flamed to the roots of his hair. "Now, ma'am, if you're gonna believe that—"

Beatrice repented and offered him her hand.

"We'll not believe anything of you that isn't good, even if you did want to kidnap me," she said.

CHAPTER XXII

The New Day.

The slapping of the wind against the tent awakened Beatrice. She could hear it sighing gently through the branches of the live oaks. An outflung arm discovered Clay missing.

Her questing glance found him

which he was cooking breakfast. She watched him move about, supple and light and strong, and her heart lifted with sheer joy of the mate she had chosen. He was such a man among men, this clear-eyed, bronzed husband of a week. He was so clean and simple and satisfying. As she closed the flaps she gave a deep sigh of content.

Every minute till she joined him was begrudged. For Beatrice had learned the message of her heart. She knew that she was wholly and completely in love with what life had brought her.

And she was amazingly, radiantly happy. What did motor cars or wine suppers or Paris gowns matter? They were the trappings that stressed her slavery. Here she moved beside her mate without fear or doubt in a world wonderful. Eye to eye, they spoke the truth to each other after the fashion of brave, simple souls.

Glowing from the ice-cold bath of water from a mountain stream, she stepped down the slope into a slant of sunshine to join Clay. He looked up from the fire and waved a spoon gayly at her. For he too was as jocund as the day which stood tiptoe on the misty mountain tops. They had come into the hills to spend their honeymoon alone together, and life spoke to him in accents wholly joyous.

The wind and sun caressed her. As she moved toward him, a breath of the morning flung the gown about her so that each step modeled anew the slender limbs.

Her husband watched the girl streaming down the slope. Love swift as old wine flooded his veins. He rose, caught her to him, and looked down into the deep, still eyes that were pools of happiness.

"Are you glad—glad all through, sweetheart?" he demanded.

A little laugh welled from her throat. She gave him a tender, mocking smile.

"I hope heaven's like this," she whispered.

"You don't regret New York—not a single, hidden longing for it 'way down deep in yore heart?"

She shook her head. "I always wanted to be rescued from the environment that was stifling me, but I didn't know a way of escape till you came," she said.

"Then you knew it?"

"From the moment I saw you tie the janitor to the hitching-post. You remember I was waiting to go riding with Mr. Bromfield. Well, I was bored to death with correct clothes and manners and thinking. I knew just what he would say to me and how he would say it and what I would answer. Then you walked into the picture and took me back to nature."

"It was the hitching-post that did it, then?"

"The hitching-post began it, anyhow." She slipped her arms around his neck and held him fast. "Oh, Clay, isn't it just too good to be true?"

A ball of fire pushed up into the crotch between two mountain peaks and found them like a searchlight, filling their little valley with a golden glow.

[THE END]

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN CHANCERY COURT.
GRENADA COUNTY, MISSISSIPPI.
 In the matter of the Estate of James Herman Clark, Deceased, Charles Lee Clark, Administrator with the will annexed.

THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI.
 Notice is hereby given that on the 22nd day of August, 1922, the Chancery Court of Grenada County, Mississippi, issued to the undersigned Charles Lee Clark letters of administration with the will annexed of the estate of James Herman Clark, deceased; all persons holding claims against the said estate are hereby given notice to have the said claims probated and registered by the said Court within six months from this date or the said claims will be forever barred.

Witness my signature, this the 23 day of August, 1922.
CHARLES LEE CLARK.
 Administrator with the will annexed.
 2865—8-25-3t.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATRIX TO CREDITORS.

THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI.
 Notice is hereby given that on the 11th day of August, 1922, letters testamentary were granted by the Chancery Court of Grenada County, Mississippi, to the undersigned administratrix under the last will and testament of C. C. Provine, deceased.

All persons holding claims against the estate of the said C. C. Provine are hereby given notice to have the said claim probated and registered by the said Chancery Court of Grenada County, Mississippi, within six months from this date or the said claims will be forever barred.

Witness my hand, this the 12th day of August, 1922.
 Mrs. Pearl D. Provine,
 2924—9-1-3t. Administratrix.

TRUSTEE'S NOTICE TO SCHOOL PATRONS

It is ordered by the trustees of the Grenada City Schools that every pupil entering school shall pay an incidental fee \$1.00. This fee of one dollar is payable only one time and for the entire year. The trustees are requiring this fee because of the number of patrons in the city who pay neither tax nor tuition, but we can not apply the fee to only part of the school. The fee is nominal and ultimately works to the relief of those who pay taxes.

J. B. PERRY,
 President Board of Trustees.
 W. D. SALMON, Secretary.

NON-RESIDENT NOTICE

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI,
 Grenada County.
 In Chancery Court October Term, 1922, W. H. Kirk vs. Bill Horn, No. 3705.

To Bill Horn, defendant, whose postoffice is unknown.
 You are commanded to appear before the Chancery Court of Grenada County, in said State, on the third Monday of October, A. D. 1922, to defend the suit in said Court in the above styled cause, wherein you are a defendant.

This the 4th day of September, 1922.

J. B. KEETON,
 COWLES HORTON, Chancery Clerk
 Solicitor for Complainant
 9-8-3t

NOTICE OF PROPOSED BOND ISSUE.

The following resolution was introduced, its adoption moved and seconded and put to a vote. These voting for its passage being: Aldermen Horn, Schultz, Gerard, and Murray, voting against passage: Aldermen Doak; absent and not voting: Alderman Jackson.

Whereupon the Mayor declared same duly adopted and it was ordered spread upon the minutes, as follows:

Be it resolved by the Mayor and Aldermen of the city of Grenada, Mississippi:

Sec. 1. That it is the intention of said Board of Mayor and Aldermen, at its regular October, 1922, meeting to be held at the Mayor's Office in said city on October 2nd, 1922, at 7:30 P. M. to issue bonds of said city in the sum of twelve thousand dollars for the purpose of erecting and equipping an auditorium to the new White Public School building, now under course of construction, in said city. Such bonds, if authorized, shall be prepared and issued in strict compliance with the law generally and in each and every particular, shall not bear a greater rate of interest than six per centum per annum, payable semi-annually, and made to mature in strict compliance with the provisions of chapter 206 of the laws of 1920 of Mississippi.

Sec. 2. Said bonds, if issued, shall be sold for cash and for not less than par and the proceeds thereof shall not be used for any other purpose than the purpose above set forth.

Sec. 3. It is hereby resolved, recited and shown that the amount of said proposed bonds as above stated, added to the outstanding bonded and floating debt of said city, will not amount to more than fifteen per cent of the assessed value of the taxable property in said city as shown by the assessment rolls of said city for the present year, and will not exceed nor violate any constitutional, statutory or charter limitation of any sort, and that said city of Grenada is, in fact, and according to every census of said city, a municipality of less than twelve thousand inhabitants.

Sec. 4. Resolved further that this resolution be published in the Grenada Sentinel, a newspaper published and having a general circulation in said city, for the time and in the manner provided by chapter 206 of the Laws of 1920 and take effect and be in force from and after passage.

Approved:
 S. T. TATUM, Mayor.
 H. G. Talbert, Recorder
 9-8-4t

The Butt of the Jokers

By ANNE WHITFIELD

Copyright, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.

Harold Straker seemed naturally cut out for a butt from his earliest days. Boys in the village school found that he could be sent for a pint of pigeon's milk or given impossible errands on April Fool's day. He rang up "Mr. Fish" at the state hatcheries, and got New York on long distance for "Mr. Lyons," to find it was the zoo.

Only one person seemed to have faith in him. That was Zoe Graves.

"Harold, I do wish you didn't bite so often," she said when they were about fourteen. "You're such a nice boy, Harold, and it's just a shame, the way you trust everybody."

But Harold went on biting, even after he had entered the local office of the National Oil company, which meant, in a way, an assured future, even though he was only getting twenty dollars a week.

Some of the boys were jealous of Harold—notably Percy Spender, who was a rival for Zoe. And there were times when Zoe lost patience with Harold.

"Harold, can't you see that they're tormenting you?" she asked earnestly. "You believe everything—everything!"

"But when they said Jim Barton's child was dying, some one had to ride for the doctor," pleaded Harold.

"And how about Miss Foraker?" demanded Zoe. "Why did you go to the drug store on that impossible errand?"

"But Percy said she must have that salve immediately, Zoe."

"Yes, but what salve? Tulip salve. Two-lip salve, for an old maid! Oh, Harold, you're hopeless, I'm afraid!" said Zoe mournfully.

After that Harold knew that she saw more of Percy than she had done before. Even a devoted girl gets annoyed at a butt sometimes.

Harold was planning a visit to New York—his first—for which he had saved up fifty dollars. It was his week's holiday. The day before he left Spender came to him.

"Of course you intend to pay your respects to Mr. Cottoner," he said.

"Mr. Cottoner?" gasped Harold. "Why, he wouldn't see me!"

"He'll be extremely angry if he learns you've been in New York without seeing him," said Percy. "Don't you see, Harold, what a chance it is to get him to make Spoonville the northern state center for oil distribution? He expects the local men to come and talk things over with him. Why, I've drafted a letter for you to announce your visit!"

Harold read the typescript. It was a blatant announcement to Mr. Cottoner, the octogenarian head of the company, that he, Harold Straker, intended to pay a visit to New York for the purpose of discussing local affairs, and would call on him at his country home at Millwell Hills at a certain hour on the following Tuesday morning.

"Are you sure he'll want to see me?" gasped Harold.

"Your job won't be worth a week's purchase if you don't see him," answered Percy.

Harold departed, having sent off the letter. Percy and the boys in the office saw him off at the station, and went back, chuckling. Harold registered at a small hotel to which he had been recommended, and went out to Mr. Cottoner's country home the following day.

He was so dazed that he hardly knew what happened until he found himself confronting the aged financier, who was sitting in a pillowed chair in his living-room.

The old man scrutinized him. "Sit down! Sit down!" he said testily. "Now what's this mad scheme of yours for making Spoonville the northern distribution center?"

Harold was aroused. It had been his own pet scheme, and the subject of ridicule in the office. Now he had his chance at last. Forgetting his fears, he poured forth his views: how Spoonville was linked up with so many neighboring cities by trolley and railroad; but a short pipe line branch—he drew a diagram on Cottoner's immaculate blotting pad—would connect up with the southern reservoir. All the while Cottoner watched his face with growing eagerness. When Harold had ended he burst out:

"You're the right sort! I like your nerve! I wish all my men were like you! It's my own plan, and you've said it word for word! I was looking for a man. You're appointed head of the district at a hundred a week. That's enough! I know a good man when I see him! You'll get your letter of appointment tomorrow!"

Harold went home dazed. He went straight to Zoe's house. Percy was there, sitting on the sofa beside her.

"Why, here's Harold!" he exclaimed. "Well, well, and how did Cottoner receive you, Harold?"

Harold saw the blush of indignation on Zoe's face.

"Fine, Percy," he answered enthusiastically. "The scheme's gone through, and I'm to be manager at a hundred per. I'm so grateful to you fellows."

"Stop!" Zoe was on her feet. "Is that true, Harold? Do you mean that you saw Mr. Cottoner, and—"

"Sure it's true," answered Harold. And, with success, the bigger, submerged part of him came to the surface. "As true as that we're engaged. Haven't you told Percy?"

"N—no, not yet," faltered Zoe, blushing still deeper. "I—I was waiting for you to, Harold, dearest!"

EVERYDAY ROMANCES TRANSCEND NOVELS

Curious, Odd, and Strange Happenings of the Daily News.

Washington, Sept. 7 (Capital News Service).—A woman patient in a Chicago hospital was treated with a tube of radium inserted in an incision in her body. When the surgeons went to remove it, it had disappeared. Rather than have the doctors suffer the loss of fourteen thousand dollars she submitted to another operation to recover the tube which had burned through into another part of her body. The radium was found and the human radium mine recovered.

A Birmingham, Ala., man had the habit of sleep walking well developed. A coroner's jury decided, after he was found with a bullet in him, that he had committed suicide while asleep, a case unique in annals of both law and medicine.

Montreal, Canada, is filled with independent young women who do not propose to abide by the dictates of Dame Fashion, but who will wear the short skirt of to-day regardless of what dress designers of Paris, London, and New York say is the style. The "No Long Skirt League" already has hundreds of members pledged to wear skirts of present-day length.

A Honolulu man has applied for a divorce. His wife, he testifies, deserted him thirty-seven years ago. All these years he has been sure she would return to him, but has finally given up hope. He is awarded the prize, by his friends, of the champion marital hopper in captivity.

A Muskegon, Mich., woman, in an endeavor to settle a family quarrel, left nearly two hundred thousand dollars to her daughter on condition that she apologized for her part in the quarrel to her brother. If she didn't have the money. Readers have three guesses as to what she did.

COLORED SCHOOL OPENS MONDAY

The Colored School of the city will begin its work Monday Sept. 11. An effort will be made to have all pupils entering school for the first time to enroll during the first six weeks of the school term.

Those coming to us from out of the district will be charged a fee which must be paid in advance each month. Call on the principal and find out just what this amount will be.

Those who plan teaching, will do well to attend our school since this is now a training school and special efforts will be put forth to help those who enter for this line of work.

The public is invited to be present in the school auditorium, Monday morning at ten o'clock to witness the opening program.

The faculty for this session will be, W. W. Blackburn, Principal, E. E. Banks, First Assistant, E. H. Dunham, Seventh Grade, W. F. Wilson, Fifth and Sixth, P. B. Allen, Fourth, H. O. Williams, Second, L. P. Golden, First, S. E. Walthall, Primary, P. A. Chambliss, Domestic Science.

We ask our white friends who may have plain sewing to be done to consult our sewing teacher before seeing elsewhere. Too, if you have journals that you have read, give them to us for our reading room.

W. W. BLACKBURN,
 Principal.

DR. J. B. MIDDLETON

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GRENADA, MISS.

NO REST-NO PEACE

There's no peace and little rest for the one who suffers from a bad back, and distressing urinary disorders. Grenada people recommend Doan's Kidney Pills. Ask your neighbor! Be guided by their experience.

Mrs. W. A. Thompson, 622 Kershaw St., Grenada, says: "My kidneys were in a terrible condition. They acted too often and caused annoyance. My back hurt all the time and I couldn't rest at night. The doctor told me my kidneys were disordered. As I had a box of Doan's Kidney Pills I thought I would try them. They did just as represented in my case and two boxes cured me. I recommend Doan's willingly."

Mrs. Thompson gave the above statement June 13, 1918 and on April 12, 1922, she said: "I know there is no medicine like Doan's Kidney Pills for anyone troubled with weak kidneys. Several years ago my kidneys bothered me but Doan's cured me of the trouble."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Thompson had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.—Advertisement.

NOTICE TO PRINTERS

The Board of Supervisors of Grenada County will receive sealed bids for the following county office books and supplies. Plans and specifications will be on file in the Clerk's office after September 15th, 1922. All bids to be filed by 10 o'clock A. M. on October 6th, 1922, and accompanied by certified check for 5 per cent of bid. Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

Loose Leaf forms, Disbursing warrant register, Receipt Warrant Register, Current binders for same, County warrants, in duplicate 1 Proudfitt Loose Leaf Ledger and binder

500 Ledger sheets for same, Indexes for same.

Tax Collector's cash book, Loose Leaf forms, Current and transfer binders for same.

J. B. KEETON, Clerk

9-8-3t

GORE SPRINGS SCHOOL OPENED


School began its sixth session Monday with an enrollment of 102. Rev. J. E. Stephens of Grenada College, conducted the devotional exercises. Dr. W. C. Murphy of the University made a very interesting and practical talk on general topics of the day in connection with the school and its interest.



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terest. Mr. Jones, our efficient Superintendent, in a short address outlined the year's work.
 At the noon hour, delicious refreshments were served on the campus to a large enthusiastic crowd. In the afternoon, there was a short program given by the students, after which the pupils met their teachers and were enrolled.




—And use less lard

Bake just once with Valier's Dainty Flour and you will continue to do so forever after. For Dainty assures you biscuits and cakes of a flavor far finer than any ordinary flour can produce. And—you use less lard!

Milled by the special slow process of Valier, Dainty has long been recognized as America's finest flour. To maintain its goodly quality, we select from America's great granaries only the very choicest of soft winter wheat.

That is why Dainty Flour costs you a little more than ordinary flour. But remember—better baking, with less lard, makes it the most economical flour on the market. Ask your grocer for Dainty Flour. The name is on the sack.



Valier's
Dainty Flour
"A Sack of Satisfaction"

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WHEN you note the prices quoted below on 30 x 3 1/2 inch ROYAL CORD and USCO Tires—bear in mind that while the price has been going down, the quality has been going up.

The New and Better USCO is bigger, with thicker tread and sidewalls, more rubber, better traction, greater mileage.

The ROYAL CORD is more than ever confirmed in its leadership as the measure of automobile tire values.

| SIZES | Royal Cord | Nobby | FABRIC Chain | Usco | Plain |
|---------------|------------|---------|--------------|--------|--------|
| 30 x 3 CL | — | \$12.55 | \$11.40 | \$9.75 | \$9.25 |
| 30 x 3 1/2 " | \$14.65 | 15.60 | 13.00 | 10.65 | — |
| 31 x 4 " | — | 23.00 | 21.35 | 18.65 | — |
| 30 x 3 1/2 SS | 14.65 | — | — | — | — |
| 32 x 3 1/2 " | 22.95 | 20.45 | 16.90 | 15.70 | — |
| 31 x 4 " | 26.45 | — | — | — | — |
| 32 x 4 " | 29.15 | 24.35 | 22.45 | 20.85 | — |
| 33 x 4 " | 30.05 | 25.55 | 23.65 | 21.95 | — |
| 34 x 4 " | 30.85 | 26.05 | 24.15 | 22.40 | — |
| 32 x 4 1/2 " | 37.70 | 31.95 | 30.05 | — | — |
| 33 x 4 1/2 " | 38.55 | 32.00 | 31.05 | — | — |
| 34 x 4 1/2 " | 39.50 | 34.00 | 32.05 | — | — |
| 35 x 4 1/2 " | 40.70 | 35.65 | 33.55 | — | — |
| 36 x 4 1/2 " | 41.55 | 36.15 | 34.00 | — | — |
| 33 x 5 " | 46.95 | — | — | — | — |
| 35 x 5 " | 49.30 | 43.20 | 39.30 | — | — |
| 37 x 5 " | 51.85 | 45.75 | 41.70 | — | — |

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THE GRENADA SENTINEL

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G. M. LAWRENCE, PUBLISHER
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THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF GRENADA COUNTY

We told you so.

The women did it.

The women joined in the cry. "they shall not pass."

And there is weeping in Germany because of Vardaman's defeat.

The job was done in Grenada County because the ladies and the members of the Stephens Club did intelligent and valiant work. The Sentinel is glad to have had an humble part in the splendid work.

THE PROOF THAT REPUBLICANS WERE FOR VARDAMAN.

The loyal Democrats of Mississippi charged repeatedly that the Republican organization in Mississippi was supporting Vardaman. Proof from many sources is not wanting to this effect.

We have before us a circular letter which was issued by Messrs. Chas. E. Kennedy and J. O. Martin, of Calhoun County, relative to the aspirations of Mr. W. T. Zinn for the postmastership at Sarepta, Calhoun County.

These men state in the circular "That we are both now and have always been Republicans in our political affiliations and have always supported Republican candidates for office."

It seems that some one was seeking to make a sort of football of Messrs. Kennedy and Martin because of their efforts to aid Mr. Zinn in getting to be postmaster and that they thought they were being placed in a false light, hence their public statement.

We are sure that the public generally is not interested in the general contents of the circular letter, but we are also sure that the loyal Democrats of Mississippi are particularly interested in the following paragraph which we take from the circular:

"That, later on, we took the matter up (that is Mr. Zinn's desire to be postmaster) with the proper Republican authorities and were instructed by certain Republicans to not promise to render assistance to any man or woman for appointment to office that was not supporting Senator Vardaman for United States Senator in the present campaign."

The evidence accumulates that there was a confederation between certain of the Vardaman leaders and certain Republican leaders in Mississippi to foist Vardaman on Mississippi.

What a hybrid!

A WORD TO ORGANIZED LABOR.

There can be no doubt about the statement that an effort was made by certain forces of organized labor to swing that organization as a body to Vardaman in this campaign. Fortunately, there were many of the organization who refused to support Vardaman. A similar effort was made, but not so successful, in the Johnston-Russell campaign to vote union labor in Mississippi for Russell.

The effort was made to use union labor for Vardaman notwithstanding the fact that Woodrow Wilson and his administration did more for union labor than perhaps any other dozen Presidents, yet Vardaman said Wilson's administration was "infamous."

If we were giving advice to organized labor, we would admonish it to look a gift horse in the mouth.

We believe that labor should organize. We believe that it has a right to strike. That is an inherent American privilege. Likewise we believe that the man who wants work has the same right to accept a job that another man has to quit a job.

If union labor persists in sticking its nose into politics, in other words, if it persists in yielding to the wiles of damagages and scheming politicians, then those who are not of organized labor, the farmers, clerks and thousands of others—and there is more of them than of organized labor—will be compelled to band together to resist the political efforts of union labor.

Ours is a great government. We are a great people, and our problems should be solved as a big family working to the same end would reconcile its difference.

COTTON TO REIGN AT MEMPHIS FAIR

Will Have Central Display in New Agricultural Hall.

A mammoth educational cotton exhibit, showing King Cotton in all the stages of his development from seed to finished cotton goods, with a great variety of "sidelights" on development, manufacture, by-products and so on, is to be perhaps the biggest single feature of the great agricultural show at the Tri-State Fair, Sept. 23 to 30. It is to be a special cotton show ranking in importance with any "cotton palace" ever seen in Memphis.

A huge display space in Agricultural Hall has been set aside for the cotton show. Here are some of the things that it will include:

Sixteen rows of fruited stalks showing leading varieties; cotton seed with all its by-products, including lint, oil, hull, meal, cake and their by-products; the stalk and its by-products, such as linoleum, roofing, building board and a great variety of other articles; a full exhibit of the life, history, habits and methods of control of the boll weevil; a display tracing cotton lint through all the processes of manufacture; government samples showing length and grade of staple, and many other points.

The exhibit is being collected under direction of C. W. Watson of the Memphis Chamber of Commerce Farm Bureau, with cooperation from fertilizer companies, mattress companies, oil mills, cotton mills, wholesale dry goods firms, the Stryker Not-N-Wood Products Company, manufacturing many products from cotton stalks, and numerous others, including several of the best known plantations in Memphis territory.

Cotton was virtually an outcast at last year's fair, which was a "safe farming" exposition, but this year it will occupy the center of attraction and interest. It is the plan to show something about every phase of it which will include some features almost unknown to many of the best informed men in the cotton industry.

U. S. IS SENDING EXHIBIT TO FAIR

Agricultural Display Will Occupy 4,000 Feet of Space.

The United States Department of Agriculture will have a big display covering 4,000 square feet of floor space at the Tri-State Fair, September 23-30. It is definitely announced.

Working models, instruments and appliances of all kinds used in various activities of the department will be on display to show how work of every-day value to the people of the country is performed.

The Bureau of Animal Husbandry will exhibit self-feeders for hogs, the various breeds of swine, poultry house and colony growing houses, trap nests, illustrate methods of culling the farm flock, methods of tick eradication, a cow barn and milk house for a small herd, organization and work of bull associations; methods of treating hog cholera and other farm diseases, the handling of sheep, and many kindred things, any one of which will be of great value to farmers of this territory.

In addition, the Bureau of Plant Industry will have an exhibit bearing on kinds of plant diseases, methods of procuring good seed corn and forage crops, types of rice and oats heads, tree surgery, and much other matter of much educational worth to any farmer.

Other bureaus of the government's great agricultural department are to share in the exhibit so that it will be splendidly rounded out to give highly interesting and instructive information of the government's work and methods.

Five New Buildings At Tri-State Fair

Old patrons of the Memphis Tri-State Fair may well imagine themselves at an entirely new exposition when they visit the Memphis Fair, Sept. 23 to 30. They will be unable to recognize in it the old familiar landmarks so well known to the hundreds of thousands—the old grounds upon which was built a reputation that has won recognition country-wide.

GRANDSTAND SEATS FREE.

Charge Will Be Made Only For Auto Races and Style Shows.

Grandstand seats will be free each afternoon of the Memphis Tri-State Fair, Sept. 23 to 30. At most fairs throughout the country there is a charge for grandstand privileges, but the directors of the Memphis exposition adopted a policy last year to allow any and all persons to occupy seats in the big structure without any charge.

In view of the fact that there is a great amusement program taking up the entire afternoon each day, with such things as harness horse racing, the finest outdoor vaudeville, band concerts, dog races and other splendid amusement features, the free use of the grandstand will be an added inducement for hundreds of persons to enjoy one or more days at the big Memphis exposition.

An admission charge will be made for the Style Show on Wednesday and Thursday nights. This event will be the biggest feature ever staged in the South.

Send Us Your Next Order of Printing

Will You Help the Democratic Party to Win This Campaign?

If so the most helpful thing you can do now is to contribute to the Democratic Educational Campaign Fund so that the Educational work of the Democratic National Committee can be carried out as planned.

The Democratic National Committee Needs Money and Needs It NOW

For the purpose of getting the record of failure of this Republican Do-Nothing Congress and Do-Nothing Administration before the people, and to show them again the road to Democratic Prosperity, which they traveled for eight years of Democratic rule.

Send Your Contribution Today to The Grenada Sentinel. The Democratic National Committee has arranged with the publisher of The Grenada Sentinel to receive and receipt for contributions. A duplicate receipt will be mailed from Democratic National Headquarters.

GIVE WHAT YOU CAN AFFORD—MUCH OR LITTLE—BUT GIVE IT NOW.

The Democratic Party has no privileged classes, no protected profiteers, no trusts or moneybunds to appeal to. It represents only the people, therefore it appeals only to them.

This is a Democratic Year. Do your share to help win the Victory.

DEMOCRATIC PROSPERITY vs. REPUBLICAN DISASTER.

The estimated wealth of the United States when President Wilson went into office in 1913 was \$185,000,000,000; it increased to \$300,000,000,000 in eight years of Democratic rule—a gain of \$115,000,000,000. The present estimated wealth of the United States is \$225,000,000,000—a loss of \$75,000,000,000 in fifteen months under Republican rule.

Since the Republican party was voted into power in November, 1920, the American farmers alone have suffered a loss of near \$30,000,000,000.

SOME REPUBLICAN BROKEN PROMISES.

The Republicans promised the country PROSPERITY; they have given it ADVERSITY.

They promised to stimulate agriculture and business; they have given an industrial panic and destroyed our foreign markets. Foreign trade declined from \$13,500,000,000 in 1920 to near \$6,000,000,000 in 1922.

They promised to reduce taxes; they have shifted taxes of the multi-millionaire and profiteering class to the smaller taxpayers without lifting taxes or reducing them. Repeal of the Excess Profit tax relieved the Big Interests of paying \$450,000,000 in taxes; reduction of the higher surtax relieved them of paying \$61,500,000.

They promised to reduce the high cost of living; they have given a Profiteers' tariff bill which increases the high cost of living, and makes the farmer pay \$5 on everything he buys for each \$1 of "protection" he gets.

They promised to reduce the expenses of the government; they have increased the expenses of running the various departments of the government (1923 budget), three years after the war \$536,000,000 compared to 1915, three years before the war, with an estimated deficit of \$500,000,000 in addition—or \$1,000,000,000 increase.

MISSISSIPPI STATE FAIR AND CENTENNIAL

Jackson, October 16-21 st 1922

\$20,000 IN PREMIUMS AND PURSES

Where City and Country Will Meet To Celebrate JACKSON'S ONE HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY

AUTO RACES MONDAY, OCTOBER 16

HARNESS RACES OCTOBER 17-18-19-20-21

Every Night—October 16-21

Mystic China—The Supreme Fireworks Spectacle

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Our regular visit here each month is a protection to you against the necessity of neglecting your eyesight. You are assured the best at the most reasonable prices. We always stand behind our work, and specialize in children's work. See us and see better. Don't forget the date.

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Star-Shape
HATS FOR YOUNG MEN

THERE'S lots of service left in many a discarded felt hat that a man won't wear because it's out of shape. If you want "quality without extravagance" in a smart hat that stays smart, ask us for a Berg Star-Shape Hat.

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The Leader



WHY be a slave to your car? Why bother with the dirt and drudgery of keeping it clean when you haven't the conveniences for doing it?

We can keep your car as clean as you want it at a price you can easily afford.

Sensible Service That Pleases

You can escape all the dirty, tedious jobs of keeping your car clean and in good running order by arranging with us to look after it.

We will be glad to give you a figure either by the month or the job if you will see us right away.

MEER MOTOR CO.

Dodge Brothers Motor Cars

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GRENADA, MISS.

R. PRESSGROVE DRY GOODS COMPANY

SEPTEMBER SALE

Get ready for School Sale. Begins Monday, September 11th

Every department of the Big Store offering values in dependable merchandise including Dry Goods, Shoes, Millinery, Ready-to-Wear for Ladies, Misses and Children.

This store is brim-full of good merchandise and we believe the kind that most people want. The common things of everyday use should be good--and if they are economical they are good. These are not the times to sacrifice quality for lower prices but to buy from a store that sells quality for reasonable prices. For this reason we count a large part of our service to the public the gathering here of things that are thoroughly good--that will give complete and lasting satisfaction--merchandise that bears fair prices always--prices that are fair to you and fair to us.

HOSIERY DEPT

We have just received a very extensive shipment of our well-known Monarch hose.

They are full fashioned, of course in regular and out sizes; heavy silk; in black, white and the leading shades. We advise that you buy liberally.

Pure Silk Hose

98c to \$2.50

Good School Hose for the Healthy Boys and Girls. They start at 15c, 25c, 35c and 50c. Come to us for real values.

Ready-to-Wear and Millinery Department on Second Floor



Come! Autumn Millinery

A new gathering of unusually designed and beautifully trimmed hats will greet you in our millinery department.

Hats that are very popular at this season of the year. Tams, sport hats, sailors turbans, picture hats, dress hats, and so on are conspicuous in the displays. Interesting prices are in evidence on every model.



OUR SHOE DEPT. IS FULL OF REAL LEATHER SHOES

Ideal Shoes for the Robust Youngsters

It is our idea to supply your children with shoes that not only fit perfectly when they are purchased, but that are large enough to allow proper development of the foot during the time they will be worn. We have chosen our stock in such a way that we cannot only fit your children perfectly, but also give them very stylish and practical shoes as well.

Early Fall Dresses

Unusually attractive values at \$13.98 and \$19.95 included here are those trim, neat looking styles for which we might command a much higher price but in order to have you become better acquainted with our wonderful stock of dresses, they are offered to you for this occasion at these exceptional prices.

Other Dresses at

\$24.95 to \$39.75



Charming Fall Blouses

The latest reflections of autumn mode in waists of crepe de chine, canton, tricolette, blouse to accompany your new suit may be chosen with satisfaction from the assemblage of advance autumn styles which are now on display.

The pretty georgette blouse to accompany your new suit may be chosen with satisfaction from the assemblage of advance autumn styles which are now on display.

Exquisite shades of flesh, orchid, Erin green, peach, and many colors are used in extreme contrasts.

Special Values
\$5.00 and \$6.48

NEW FALL COATS

The widest range of styles, materials, and prices; garments of which the wealthiest could well feel proud, values that you will pronounce a mercantile achievement. We especially invite inspection of the groups at

\$5.00 to \$75.00



LION HATS

The Right Hat for Real Men

Come in and see our new line of these stylish, durable hats. You'll understand why they are called "The Right Hats for Real Men"

STAPLE GOODS BEING OFFERED TO DAY AT VALUES MUCH LOWER THAN YOU WOULD EXPECT.

36 inch light Percales 20 and 25 cents values, September School Sale Price..... 17 cts

36 inch Soft Bleached Domestic 8 yards for..... \$1.00

Best Outlines, all colors light and dark and solid colors for..... 14 cts

40 inch Seaisland Domestic 8 yards for \$1.00

Ginghams.....15 cts to 50 cts

Good Bed Tick.....10 cts to 35 cts

BEGINS MONDAY
SEPT. 11TH

Wool Goods

Fabrics that meet every inclination of the mode for fall and winter. Shown here in splendid variety, making these displays particularly complete.

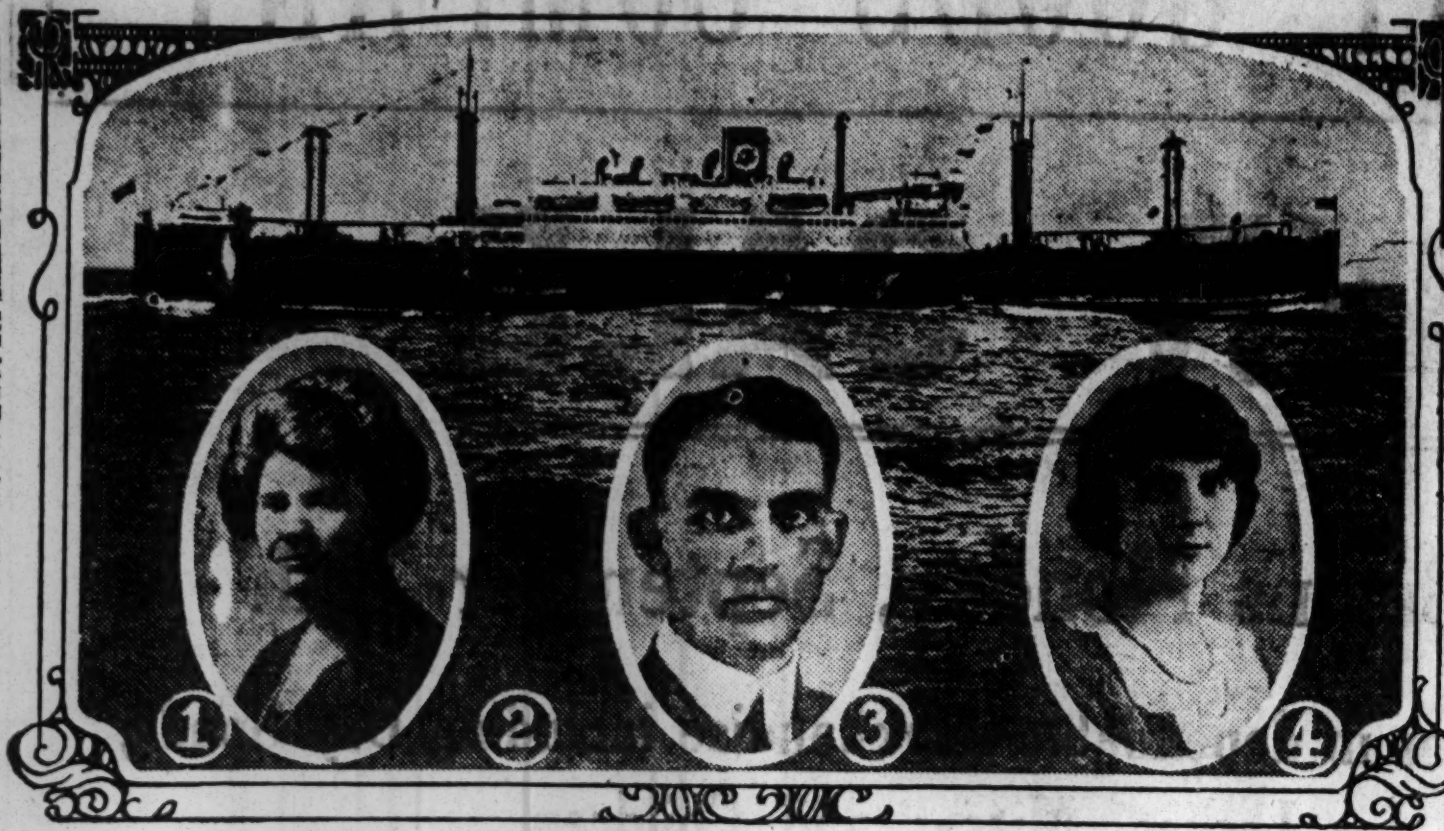
Serges 98 cents to \$1.50. Don't fail to visit our Dress Goods Department for real values in Dress Goods.

Conserving money does not imply the necessity of buying flimsy, quick-to-wear-out materials merely because they cost little. The wise, far-sighted policy is always to buy only dependable, reputable goods--materials of known reliability which will give satisfactory length of service. It is such merchandise we have taken special care to secure, and to offer for sale--at unusually low margins of profit.

You know our motto "Your Money's Worth or Your Money Back"
We Want and Appreciate Your Business.

R. PRESSGROVE DRY GOODS CO.
GRENADA, MISSISSIPPI

Three Young Mississippians Go Out As Missionaries to Foreign Fields



Miss Minnie Landrum (1), Clinton, Miss., who recently sailed on the S. S. American Legion (2) for Rio, Brazil, to do educational work under the direction of the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, and Rev. (3) and Mrs. F. M. Purser (4) of Hazlehurst, Miss., who will sail September 30 for the same point to do missionary work under the same board.

WITH the sending out this season of fifty new missionaries by the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, 250 new workers have been sent to foreign fields during the 75 Million Campaign, or one-half the goal that was set in the number of workers to be provided during that movement. It is anticipated the remaining 250 will go out during the remainder of the Campaign period that will expire in December, 1924. The workers going out this season will enter the fields of China, Japan, Africa, Palestine, Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay, Chile and Mexico.

Inasmuch as the largest missionary effort of the denomination is centered in the Orient, the larger portion of the workers sailed from Seattle Saturday, September 2, on the Admiral Liner President Jackson for stations in China and Japan. The missionaries for fields on other continents sail from New York on various lines and some of them will not depart until September 30.

Varied Types Workers Sent

Included in the list of missionaries are preachers and evangelists, teachers, doctors, nurses, one architect, one expert in domestic science, and special workers among women and children. William Earle Hines of Spartanburg, S. C., who goes to Shanghai to supervise the construction of all missionary buildings in China, enjoys the

distinction of being the first architect ever sent out by the Foreign Mission Board, and his appointment indicates the vast extent of the Southern Baptist work in that country. More than half of the total number of missionaries in the employ of this board are located in China, where the results of their labors are very gratifying to the officers of the Board.

Large interest centers, also, in the launching of an intensive missionary work in Palestine, to which country there go Rev. and Mrs. Fred Bunyan Pearson of Moulton, Ala., and Rev. and Mrs. J. Walsh Watts, of Laurens, S. C. Some native missionaries are already at work in Palestine, and the outlook there is considered very encouraging, despite the present complicated political and racial controversies.

Campaign Brings Enlargement

In addition to the sending out of 250 new workers to foreign fields the 75 Million Campaign has made it possible to increase the number of native workers from 771 to 1172, to practically double the missionary equipment in the older fields of China, Japan, Africa, Italy, Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Uruguay and Mexico, and to enter the new fields of Spain, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Roumania, Southern Russia, Palestine and Siberia. Southern Baptists now have a practically unbroken string of mission fields encircling the globe, and a possible mission audience

of 900,000,000 people, or one-half the total population of the globe.

And the results on the field have kept pace with the larger investment in the work and number of workers. Since the outset of the Campaign the Foreign Mission Board reports the organization of 117 new churches, 21,723 baptisms, 211 new Sunday schools with a gain of 17,576 pupils, native contributions to Baptist work of \$1,003,390.68, and 529,642 treatments administered by missionary physicians. Churches on the foreign fields, exclusive of the new territory in Europe and the Near East, now number 622 with 64,251 members. There are also 971 Sunday schools with 53,691 pupils, and 694 mission schools of all grades with 26,507 students.

Expense Rate Is Low

More than \$6,250,000 net has gone from the Campaign into foreign mission work, and so economically have these funds been handled, the Board reports, that 96.24 cents out of every dollar has actually reached the foreign fields, only 3.74 cents out of each dollar being required to care for the total cost of administration. But with these larger receipts and economical administration the Board is unable to meet the demands upon it, and at its last annual meeting it was compelled to reduce the requests of the missionaries on the field for appropriations by more than \$1,000,000.

PROPOSED AMENDMENT TO STATE CONSTITUTION.

Jackson, Miss.—One of the most important and firmly established results of Democracy is the direct return of the money, paid by the people in taxes, to the public in some concrete form, from which all classes derive benefits. The days when an efficient and corrupt Government could bleed the people white by taxes to support hundreds of favorites and politicians, returning nothing to the people are passed; at least in this country.

The people reap the benefits of good government in hundreds of ways, direct and indirect, but one of the most important channels through which the Government: City, County, State, and Federal is today returning the taxes, is in good roads. In this respect the work of the city is limited to the city, and affects only the city, but the county has been the most important road building unit in every State in the Union. Practically all the roads built up to six years ago were the direct result of effort on the part of the counties. This was well enough when traffic was by ox cart and wagon, but with the rapid evolution of the motor vehicle, there came a corresponding rapid increase in the need for improved highways, until July, 1916, Congress passed the Federal Aid Road Act, which appropriated funds to assist the counties in the construction of rural post roads.

The passage of this act was destined to cause a new era in the good roads movement from one end of the country to the other. The appropriation of these funds to aid the counties in road construction, necessitated the formation of State Highway Departments, through which the various counties of the state could apply for Federal aid. Funds were allotted in this manner until November 1921, when the time came for new appropriations. In the discussion in Congress, it was shown that millions of dollars had been wasted, due to the fact the counties were not maintaining newly constructed roads, and allowing them to wear down until within two or three years the original investment was lost. It was also shown that changing conditions demanded through connected highways, and the counties were building stretches of road in accordance with their individual desires, indifferent as to coordination with adjoining counties. Accordingly when the new law passed, it contained a provision requiring the State to give to the State Highway Department control over a State Highway System, consisting of seven percent of the road, upon which Federal funds were to be expended, and which was to be maintained by the State. States in which legislation prevented the State Highway Department from taking over these roads, were given three years in which to

enact legislation enabling them to do so. Mississippi is one of these States, and steps have been taken to pass this legislation.

At its last session, the Legislature submitted to the people for ballot at the November elections, an amendment to Section 170 of the Constitution, which gives the boards of supervisors full jurisdiction over roads, ferries, and bridges in their respective counties. The amendment would place seven percent of the roads, forming a connected highway system, in the hands of the State Highway Commission for construction and maintenance. This system would connect every county seat and center of population of six hundred or more in the State, and would be maintained in such condition that it would be open for travel during the entire year. Failure to adopt this amendment will automatically close this channel, through which, approximately a million and a quarter dollars are returned to the people of Mississippi annually.

ATTRACTIONS FOR STATE FAIR

Jackson, Miss.—In addition to the widely known C. A. Wortham Shows obtained for the midway and which include 25 attractions and six riding devices, five high-class free acts have been engaged by the Mississippi State Centennial Fair, to be held here Oct. 16-21, to complete the amusement feature of the big exposition.

The free acts, which will be given twice daily in front of the race track ground stand, include the "Mexican Clown Act," the first appearance in the United States in a series of comical tumbling; McDonald Trio of Trick Bicycle Riders; Aronty Brothers, "An European act imported especially for 1922 fairs; daring, rapidly changing acts.

An idea of the magnitude of a railway system with more than 6,000 miles of line is given in the statement made in the September number of the Illinois Central Magazine that during 1920 and 1921 that railway system purchased more than seven miles of fire hose at a cost of \$26,143.50, or \$36 a day. The article is written to encourage employees to be careful in the use of fire hose.

WOLFE AND TATUM ITEMS.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Williams of near Center Point, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Jim Wilson.

Mrs. Ethel Thomerson and children spent Friday with Mrs. Julia Talbert.

Miss Julian Houston and Mr. Curtis of Hardy spent a few hours with Mrs. W. P. Cox.

Mrs. Rosa Thomerson is visiting relatives in Water Valley.

Mr. A. L. Rounsaville went to Grenada Saturday.

Indigestion And Dyspepsia Overcome

Victims of stomach trouble, indigestion, dyspepsia and their allied complaints find Tanlac an ever-ready source of relief and comfort. Thousands of people everywhere have re-found the joys of health by its use after everything else they tried had failed. Mrs. W. O. Barrow, of 34 Pelham Ave., Schoolfield, Va., says: "I don't believe anybody could suffer with indigestion any worse than I did and live through it all. Tanlac restored my health perfectly. I can never repay the debt of gratitude I owe it."

Tanlac helps the stomach digest the food properly and eliminate waste. Soon the whole system is built up, the blood is purified and the entire body takes on new tone, vitality and energy. Get a bottle today and start on the road to health. For sale by all good druggists.—Advertisement.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office Over Heath Bro's. Store
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Phone Office, 54; Residence, 21

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To friends or associates within a radius of 72 miles on station to station calls after 8:30 p. m.

AT
The reduced rate which allows a five minute conversation for 25c plus war tax.
The service is quick and clear at

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Station to station calls cannot be reversed

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A Clean, Strong, Progressive, Southern Life Insurance Company wants a real man with ability to build a Million Dollar Agency.

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Our July Business 200% Better Than July, 1921.

Health in every glass

Barley—the grain that's used for soups and broth the world over. Rice—the food of more people than any other cereal. Yeast that is rich in peptones (aids to digestion) and those life-givers—vitamines. A little sugar—just enough. Bohemian hops to add their tonic properties, taste and tempting tang. Purest water. Sterilized, aged, made as only skill and long experience can make it—this, today, is your Bevo.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC., ST. LOUIS

10¢

Bevo

THE BEVERAGE

The all-year-round soft drink

Grenada Grocery Co.
Distributors
Grenada, Mississippi

Less Shortening

FINE baking demands fine flour. And every housewife is more concerned with the tempting goodness of rich cakes and pastries than with the quantity of flour needed for the baking. What a pleasant surprise, then, to find that Richland Lily makes the best of breads, biscuits, and dainties at a lower cost!

Things baked with Richland Lily Flour need less shortening and are better for it. There is a distinctive flavor to things baked the Richland Lily way that will win your favor from the start and you will want to use it in all your baking. A sack of Richland Lily Flour will go farther and make more home-baked goodies. Let your grocer send out your sack today.

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GRENADE, MISSISSIPPI

RICHLAND LILY

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CHAS. TIEDEMANN MILLING CO. O'Fallon and Collinsville, Illinois

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Gets out not only one of the best newspapers in the country, but

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Why The Sentinel Office is the place to get all these and more.

Its job printing is not excelled in elegance of style or perfection of detail.

There is no order too small to receive the best attention and none too large to be executed quickly and with the greatest accuracy. Mail orders given especial care.

Call phone 26 or write

The Grenada
Sentinel

When you need that which is the prettiest and best in job printing.

Edward Clodd's Vision

By ERNEST LEVINE

Copyright, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.

Edward Clodd had been dead for some time, but how long he did not know. He had always thought that death was the end of everything; and he had been so surprised to find himself alive after the mortal change that absorbed nearly all his impressions.

He was in his own home. If he had strength to rise, he did not know how to exercise it. There he was, wandering about the rooms of his big house, and nobody took the faintest notice of him.

He had screamed, threatened, shouted, and his loudest cries made no impression on any one. He had shaken his wife violently by the arm, and she had walked through him as if he were not there.

It was dreadful to find himself a cipher where he had been the master, but it was worse to see the general joy at his disappearance. Milly had ceased to care for him for years; she had been suppressed by him, but she was rapidly picking up her personality, in spite of her widow's weeds. There was an atmosphere of relief, almost of gaiety.

He had thought that, if there was a heaven, his good deeds would carry him there. He had been a cantankerous old man, but he had done good as well as bad. Joan he had turned out of his home for marrying young Saunders—but that was a father's right, and he had warned her first. Harold had been a good boy; he had left him all his money after his wife's death. Milly he had provided for suitably.

Harold must regret his passing, surely. Swift as the thought, he was transported to Harold's home. Harold was sitting with his wife, Dora; they were talking of him.

"It's a lucky thing the old man kicked the bucket when he did," Harold was saying. "I don't mind telling you now, Dora, I was up against it for fair. I lost my job last month—didn't tell you. If he'd known he'd have cut me off like Joan."

"Why?"

"Well—never mind why. A little trouble. Now we'll make the money fly, eh, old girl? A car for you, and we'll hit the high spots. Yes, it's the best thing that could have happened to us!"

Edward Clodd crept away. He had idolized the boy. He felt crushed, humiliated, heartbroken. Who was there who cared?

"Ah, there was Sadie, the little stenographer, who had been with him eight years. He had lent her two hundred dollars when her mother was ill. Surely she would remember—would regret?"

Instantly he found himself in his office. There was another man in his chair—Simmons, his secretary, whom he had trusted with everything. Simmons and he had been excellent friends. He had been interested in Simmons, had picked him out of the ruck of clerks.

"Yep, he was a good manager," Simmons was saying, "but too cranky for me. Between you and me, Sadie, I'd already arranged to go to Wither- spoon's. They jumped at me with my knowledge of the business. In a year's time we'd have put old Clodd on the blink. I'm sorry the old boy died before I got the chance to get back at him."

"What had he done to you?"

"Done? Kept me down to a miserable five thousand a year. Kept me here slaving for him after hours. I had my knife into him, and he'd have found it out if he'd lived."

"He sure was a mean old skinflint," answered the stenographer. "Say, you remember that time my mother was sick? He lent me two hundred dollars—and made me pay it back. Stopped my salary, two dollars a week! I'm glad he's dead!"

Clodd crept away. If ever he had been bitter in life, he was more bitter in death. Those whom he had helped and trusted had gone back on him. What about his enemies?

Joan! In his bitterness of spirit he resolved to visit her, listen to what she was saying. How she must hate him!

Instantly he found her, but not in her poor little home. She was kneeling somewhere, but the room had grown misty, and he could not see anything except Joan's white face and tearful eyes.

"Daddy," he heard her say, "dear daddy, if only you could hear me! I love you! I understood you so well. I knew that underneath all the bitterness and disappointment you loved me. And I loved you, daddy! Can you hear me? I loved you!"

The sudden rush of answering love in Clodd's heart was like a cleansing flood. He groaned in spirit. If only he had known! If only there yet were time!

"Daddy! Can't you hear me?"

Clodd opened his eyes. His room, his own room swam round him. He saw the amazement on Joan's face. She screamed.

"He's come to himself! Mother, quick! Daddy's alive! The doctor said he'd live if ever he came through the crisis!"

"Joan!" whispered Clodd feebly.

Very weakly he put his arm about her as she knelt beside him.

Observing.

Hurlbert—Pansy was a pretty child from the day she was born.

Jenkins—Yes, some girls are born pretty, some achieve prettiness, and some dab prettiness upon themselves.

—Louisville Answers.

Wife Versus Novelist

By ANNE WHITFIELD

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It was the discovery of Cynthia's letter in Bob's pocket that was Dorothy's storm signal. At first she cried; then she sat down to think things over.

Bob was her husband, a well-known novelist, and they had been married three years. Dorothy always remembered her conversation with Bob when he asked her to marry him.

"Bob, dear, won't you get tired of me? I can work for you and make you comfortable, but I can't share your mind."

And Bob answered: "You can give me everything I want, darling. I don't want a literary wife. Why, we'd never stop wrangling. Fancy having a wife who would want to read her plots to one every evening!"

So they were married, and they were very happy for months. But gradually her housework began to monopolize her attention more and more; then Bob made a hit with his book, and literary people began coming out to the house in the suburbs. Dorothy was never at her best with these. She did not know what they were talking about, and it all seemed absurd to her.

Cynthia's letter was not anything really to cry over. Just a friendly little note; only Dorothy had heard Bob mention her and, being a woman, she knew.

That was why she thought things over. Then, very resolutely, she went to Bob.

"Why don't you ask some friends down here for the week-ends?" she asked. "It isn't much more work for me, and I know you need companionship."

"By George, do you mean that?" he asked. "Let me see, there's Harvey Trelawney and Cynthia Murray—you'd like Cynthia. She's the author of 'Unto All Men,' you know."

It was Cynthia who came, and Dorothy sized her up in a moment. With a woman's intuition, Cynthia also sized up Dorothy. It was war to the knife between them in a moment, and Cynthia contemptuously anticipated an easy victory.

Dorothy cried a little the next morning when Bob took Cynthia for a long walk, to show her the river from the bluffs. They returned flushed from their exercise. Dorothy was flushed from the kitchen.

And that evening Bob and Cynthia sat over the fire, discussing art and beauty, while Dorothy cleared away the dinner things and washed them, and flitted in and out, arranging things, and sat down for a little and went away—to cry and powder her nose.

When she returned, about eleven, Cynthia was reading Bob her manuscript, and Bob wore a slightly worried expression.

The next day was Saturday and Dorothy was preparing a big dinner. Dorothy loved cooking, and she had a shrewd idea that it was almost as important as knowing the difference between realism and romanticism. She stuffed the chickens and she made the pies, and out of the corners of her very pretty ears she heard Bob and Cynthia having a terrible quarrel over the question of construction and characterization. When she carried in the dinner, red but triumphant, Bob and Cynthia were sulking in opposite corners of the room, like schoolchildren.

After dinner, which was a somewhat strained affair, Cynthia put forth all her efforts to win the day. "Won't you take me for a row on the river, Bob?" she asked.

Bob looked at Dorothy, who answered: "Oh, yes, do go with Cynthia, Bob, and show her the sights. I've got a lot of washing up to do, and after that I'll take my chance at a nap."

Bob growled acquiescence and they soon set off. Dorothy, watching from the garden, saw Cynthia deliberately slip her arm through Bob's, and from the set of her shoulders she knew that Cynthia knew that she was watching her.

It was an anxious afternoon for Dorothy, and she got very little sleep, for she knew that the issue was being fought out on the river that afternoon.

When they came home Bob was frigidly polite, and Cynthia was very quiet.

"Think I'll go to bed early," said Bob that evening.

"I'm tired out, too," said Cynthia, yawning. "Good-night, my dear," she said, as she kissed Dorothy. "I'm glad you've got him and not I," she whispered.

Upstairs Bob turned to Dorothy. "Thank heaven she's off in the morning," he growled. "I've had four hours of that d-d manuscript of hers this afternoon. Say, Dorothy, I don't know what stroke of luck gave you to me—I don't deserve you; but thank heaven you're not an authoress."

Fortunes Spent on Easter Eggs.

During the second French empire, the Easter egg reached its zenith of costliness and beauty, remarks the "Way of the World" columnist of the London Morning Post and it was quite the thing to spend as much as 20,000 francs on a single specimen. The most costly egg on record is said to be that presented by Napoleon III to the empress at the Easter of 1862. This truly imperial present took the form of a necklace of exquisite and flawless pearls valued at £20,000 (\$100,000), inclosed in a golden egg, on which the word "Eugenie" flashed in brilliants.

Buck Johnson, the Lifer

By HUBERT RAY

Copyright, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.

"Buck" Johnson was at large. His absence from the penitentiary was discovered half an hour after the mail carrier had brought the evening mail. He had snapped his chain, climbed a fourteen-foot wall, broken through the stockade and made his getaway into the forest.

"Buck" Johnson was a lifer—a dangerous man. He stood six feet high and had a body like a barrel. He had been sent up five years before for killing another negro. He claimed the man had attacked his wife, but nobody cared anything about that; law had to be preserved. All the same, the warden always felt sorry for the pretty little mulatto woman who came periodically to see her husband. That was unusual for a negress. One would have expected her to have taken up with some one else long ago.

Perhaps it was because of the kid she sometimes brought with her. The child had been ailing of late, not expected to live, in fact, and Johnson had written a desperate, half-illiterate letter to the governor, begging to be allowed to go and see the child before it died. Of course no answer came. Who was going to trouble about a negro's letter? It was after that that Johnson became desperate. He attacked a guard in the turpentine convey, and had to be chained. Now he had gone.

Of course he had struck for his home, twelve miles across the swamps. Negroes never had any sense; they were like foxes making for their earths. Bloodhounds were quickly upon the trail.

However, Johnson had had an hour's start, and he had a fair chance of making the distance before he was caught. That he would be caught, no one doubted. There was a posse of four armed guards with the warden, and they were instructed to shoot Buck Johnson if he showed fight.

Buck Johnson made his way straight as a bee toward his home. The country was a wilderness of pine and palmetto. Here and there were mangrove swamps, in which he sank waist high. He pushed through impenetrable undergrowth, heedless of the scratches and tears. He was caked with blood and mud, he looked hardly a human being. A desperate man, bent only on seeing his child before it died.

What remnant of decent feeling survived in Johnson's heart? How could a black man care about his child? the warden wondered as the hounds sniffed up the trail. It was hard to keep up with them, and it was not very long before the distant baying reached the fugitive.

Buck Johnson scrambled on. He looked now like a gigantic ape; all the clothing was torn away from the upper part of his body and he was panting like a bayed stag. Ever nearer came the sound of the bloodhounds.

He plunged into Big Swamp. He fought his way through an almost impenetrable bed of mud, struggling through it waist high. The warden and posse, knowing the trail he was taking, had left the hounds to follow, confident of picking him up by a circuit around the morass.

Johnson was just struggling out of the other end of the swamp when he saw the first hound dash upon the treacherous surface. Instantly it was gone. The edge of the lake engulfed it and half the pursuers. Baffled, the hounds set up a melancholy howl. As Johnson reached the far end, he saw the warden and his men, not a quarter of a mile distant, through the trees.

The echo of a shout reached him; bullets began to fly. Buck Johnson fled like a deer. His right arm dropped to his side, paralyzed. A bullet nipped his cheek. Then he had evaded the pursuers and gone crashing through the palmetto tangles. And at last, as he topped a rise, he saw the tiny home settlement in the distance, and his cabin among the negro shacks that composed it.

He went more slowly, gasping, and giddy from his wound. At the top of the rise he saw his pursuers in the valley beneath. Another volley whined about him. He ran on—on, on, on, hidden for a few moments by the elevation behind him. This was his hut. He burst inside. There sat Lily, watching the child upon the bed. She rose up with a cry and flung her arms about his neck. Buck Johnson knelt down.

"She's sleeping! The doctor says she'll live. The fever's gone!"

Buck Johnson heard that much, but he could not understand the rest of Lily's excited exclamations. He was kneeling down, staring into the child's face.

The warden stood in the doorway. Lily was waving a paper in front of him. "Listen! Listen!"

"Come, Buck!" said the warden.

Buck Johnson rose up, resigned. "Eh, what's that?" cried the warden. "What? What? When did you get this?"

"This afternoon. See, it's a pardon! The governor's pardoned him!"

Buck heard it all vaguely. He did not understand why the rifles were grounded, why the warden was gripping his hand.

"It's all right, Buck! Come back tomorrow. Glad that's only a graze. Sorry we had to shoot him, ma'am. How's the kid? Fine! This is a big day for you, Buck! Come on, boys; leave them together. Guess black folks has their feelings, same as us!"

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The Grenada Sentinel

PHONE 26

Local, Social and Personal

It is nearing the time for teachers in Grenada and boys and girls to leave for their respective schools for the coming season and The Sentinel would appreciate it if those who know of any who are leaving will phone 26 so that these items may go in the paper. It is absolutely impossible for The Sentinel to keep up with the comings and goings of everybody in Grenada and this paper will gladly print these items if notified by its friends.

Mr. J. J. Hardy spent a short while the latter part of last week in Memphis.

Mrs. R. S. Callaway and two attractive little daughters, Louise and Elizabeth, who had been visiting Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Lambert, returned last Sunday to their home in Moorhead.

Mrs. E. L. McDaniel spent several days the past week visiting Mrs. G. W. Lambert in Grenada.

Joe Acee and Marvin Anthony are spending a few days in Memphis.

Miss Rosa Weed spent Sunday in Charleston.

Mrs. B. E. Carothers had as her guest last week, her father, J. H. James, her sister, Mrs. Monroe Williams, Mr. Williams and little son all of Grenada.—Mississippi (Charleston) Sun.

Guy Mollin of Corinth, Miss., and Miss Johnson of Grenada, Miss. Hargis of Oxford, Mr. and Mrs. Smith of Rosedale, spent the week-end visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Lambert.—Mississippi (Charleston) Sun.

Mr. John Pressgrove's week-end visitors were Mr. and Mrs. Cobb, Miss Lula Coffman and Mr. Heath all of Grenada.—Mississippi (Charleston) Sun.

Mr. Avert McElwath and Rice Lawrence spent several days the latter part of last week in Oxford and other parts of North Mississippi.

Mrs. H. O. Thompson and little daughter, Constance, are at home after a stay of ten days at Allison's Wells, Way, Miss.

Mrs. V. J. McClesky has returned to her home in Woodland after a delightful visit in Grenada, the guest of her daughter, Mrs. C. C. White.

Miss Sallie Chamberlain of Little Rock, Ark., is a visitor in Grenada. She is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Wm. C. McLean.

Mr. Donald McLeod left Tuesday at noon for Ruleville where he went to accept a responsible position with the compress there.

Misses Dorothy Sanders of Leland and Florence Bishop of Shaw remained over in Grenada after the dance Monday night to be the guests for a few days of Dr. and Mrs. C. K. Bailey and family on Margin St.

Miss Vera Horn left last week to spend a few days visiting friends in Oxford and New Albany before going on to Aberdeen where she is to teach school this session.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Boteler had the pleasure of having as recent guests at their lovely country home, the following relatives: Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Boteler, of Florence, Miss., and Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Cox of Brandon, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Boteler and children of Jackson, Tenn., and Mrs. Will Herrington of Memphis and Mrs. L. M. James of the Gore Springs community.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lake of Como were visitors last week in Grenada, guests in the home of Mrs. M. L. Barbee.

Miss Thelma Horn left a few days ago to take up her duties as one of the teachers in the city schools at New Albany. Miss Horn taught at New Albany last session and her recollection is an evidence of the fact that her services are highly valued.

Mr. Jay Gore was a visitor last Sunday in Memphis. He went up Sunday morning and returned that night.

Mr. S. M. Cain spent last Sunday in Vaiden where he visited relatives.

Mr. Edward Wright was among the Grenadians who spent last Sunday in Memphis.

Miss Lena Elma McElwath left last week to visit friends at Shelby and other places in the delta before going to Ruleville where she has accepted a position as teacher in the schools there for this session.

Mr. Sam Young of New Orleans left for his home Monday after having been for several days the guest of his father, Dr. J. W. Young, and family in Grenada.

Mrs. F. S. Hill returned a few days ago from an extended visit to relatives in Covington, Tenn.

Miss Bessie Young arrived last Friday from Washington, D. C. to spend several weeks in Grenada visiting her father, Dr. J. W. Young and family in Grenada.

T. H. Meek has returned from Waynesville, N. C., where he spent ten days. Mrs. Meek and the young son and Miss Fannie Mullin have not yet returned.

Miss Daisy Walker of Booneville arrived a few days ago in Grenada to take charge of the millinery department at R. Pressgrove Dry Goods Co. Miss Walker has had considerable experience and is an expert milliner and the Pressgrove Dry Goods Co. is to be congratulated on securing her services.

Invitations are out to the wedding of Mr. Jack Lipscomb Scott to Miss Gwendolyn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Osmer, of Chicago, at 8 o'clock on the evening of Sept. 9.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Flint of Aberdeen are guests at the home of Rev. R. A. Tucker and family. Mrs. Flint is a sister of Mrs. Tucker. Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Tucker's mother, who makes her home for the most of the time with Mrs. Tucker to the delight of her many friends in Grenada, returned with Mr. and Mrs. Flint.

Miss Heard Lawrence left Sunday for Sumner where she is to teach in the city schools for the next session. She is to be the Latin and French instructor.

Mr. Ben Stuart and his mother Mrs. F. E. Willis, visited relatives in Tutwiler one day the latter part of last week.

Mr. Henry Moore of Oakland, was in Grenada Tuesday on business.

Mr. O. W. Holmes of Clarksdale, came over to spend Sunday with his wife, who is in Grenada with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Broadstreet.

Little Miss Margaret Victoria Rowland of Oxford is visiting in Grenada, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Wardlaw on South Street.

Mrs. D. B. Holmes of Hattiesburg was the guest Sunday of Mrs. J. P. Broadstreet in Grenada. Mrs. Holmes is vice-president of the U. D. C. and is one of Mississippi's prominent women.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Willis of Tutwiler were visitors in Grenada the past week-end. They were guests of Mrs. Willis' mother, Mrs. F. E. Willis.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Sharp and Mrs. S. W. Wardlaw were guests for a short while this week of Mrs. Sharp's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Caldwell, in Charleston. They went over through the country.

Little Miss Mary Ida Sharp and Ione Calhoun left a few days ago for Jackson where they went to visit young Miss Medora Hall, the daughter of Mrs. W. T. Pate.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Enderlin spent several days the latter part of last week in Memphis where they were guests of relatives of Mr. Enderlin.

Mrs. R. F. Hubert left Wednesday for Coffeeville where she will be the guest of relatives for several days.

Mr. Ernest Baxter enjoyed a visit last week from his mother.

Mr. J. C. Poe is in Nashville, Tenn., this week where he is the guest of relatives.

Rev. J. M. McLean of Fort Worth, Texas spent three days in Grenada last week the guest of Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Slaughter and family. While he was here, Rev. J. N. Brown of Winona came up and spent one day with him.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenmore Hawkins are rejoicing over the arrival at their home on Monday of a fine baby daughter who has been named Minnie King Hawkins.

Mrs. O. E. Slaughter and her daughter, little Miss Mary, are visiting Mrs. J. W. Rutledge at Crenshaw. They left Thursday.

Miss Maude Mabry of Kosciusko is the attractive guest of Mrs. Wm. C. McLean in Grenada. She arrived Wednesday and expects to leave today for her home.

Miss Mattie Allison, who is attending school at Peabody College, Nashville, Tenn., and whose home is in Texas, is spending her vacation in Grenada as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hoffa and family.

Mrs. C. C. White entertained most charmingly Tuesday morning with a rook party, the affair being given to announce the engagement of Miss Frances Elizabeth McLeod to Mr. Clarence Scott Burt. The announcement was made in a very unique manner. On each table were two envelopes, sealed with hearts, which the guests were told to open. They contained a puzzle which, on being solved, spelled out the words "Frances" and "Clarence". Delicious sherbet and cake were served to the guests.

Mrs. Bob Greven of San Antonio, Texas is in Grenada visiting her father, Mr. J. G. Weeks, and other relatives. Mrs. Greven has many friends here who are always delighted to welcome her on her visits.

Mrs. T. E. Heath returned Monday night from Brunswick, Tenn., where she has spent some time with her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Proudfit had the pleasure last week of a visit from Mrs. Proudfit's aunt, Miss Mollie Duval of Sardis. Miss Duval was at one time teacher in Grenada College and is a very cultured and talented woman.

BURT-MCLEOD

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. McLeod of Grenada, Miss., announce the engagement and approaching marriage of their daughter, Frances Elizabeth, to Mr. Clarence Scott Burt of Oakland, Miss., the wedding to take place in the early fall.

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE OR RENT

My residence on Margin Street, Grenada, Miss., is for sale or rent. Terms to proper parties. Expect to be in Grenada sometime in June. Mrs. L. L. Scruggs, 525 East Beach, Biloxi, Miss. 5-26-22-4f

Hiram J. Hudson, Tailor, phone 468—Cleaning and pressing. We clean and block hats, also. 7-7-4f.

FOR SALE—One 8-16 Avery Tractor, one American Six Automobile, one System Gin, Gullet make, 1280 acres of land, some mules and cattle. Will sell any part or all. For further information write Walter Crump, 220 E. 6th Street, Walsenburg, Colo. Will be on the plantation after October first. 7-28-4f.

FOR SALE—My Home, nice brick house in splendid condition, well built, 5-rooms and bath, also enclosed back porch. Garage, chicken house. Lot 69 X 169. Price reasonable. R. H. Kincaid. 8-18-22-4f.

FOR SALE—Piano and Parlor Set. Call 168-J. 8-18-4f.

Remember that The Sentinel is prepared to furnish the most handsome and the most elegant engraved wedding invitations. They are equal to any and excelled by none.

To My Friends and Patrons:—I wish to announce that my music classes will be resumed on Monday, September 11. Mrs. M. W. Boyd.

Pine Kindling for sale. Truck load \$1.00. Grenada Auto Co., Phone 57.

Wanted to Trade—Good house and lot and barn. Waterworks in house and arduous well in yard. Will trade for farm land in mile of town. E. C. Hunt, Coffeeville, Miss. 9-8-24

BIBLE CLASS OFFICERS

Below is list of names of officers of Men's Bible Class: A—1 of the First Baptist Church: O. L. Kimbrough, Teacher, C. F. Woodson, President, R. Q. Nelson, 1st. Vice. Pres., R. Pressgrove, 2nd. Vice. Pres., J. H. Bakeman, 3rd. Vice. Pres., J. J. Hardy, Secretary, J. T. Gum, Asst. Secretary and Jno. L. Milner, Treasurer.

PENN-PIPPIN

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Pippin, of Elizabeth, Miss., announce the engagement and approaching marriage of their daughter, Cassie Lucile, to Mr. William K. Penn of Grenada, Miss., the wedding to take place in the early fall.

Good reading is found in The Progressive Farmer and The Sentinel. Both of which papers come to you once a year for \$2.00

Come to Think of It, His Inamorate Hardly Displayed the Ardent Love He Had Looked For.

"Funny how a guy makes up his mind to enlist," remarked Slim, the company clerk, to a bunch of his buddies in the bunkhouse.

"What made you decide to take the big plunge?" asked a buddy.

"It was this way," explained Slim. "I had a little squabble with the girl, and I told her I was going to join the marines. Just to make it sound as if I meant business I wrote a letter to the nearest recruiting station, and before sealing the letter up I let her read it."

"Did she say anything?" asked the buddy.

"Not a word. So I went out and posted the letter. A little later I gets the answer back, saying I could enlist for two, three or four years, and I shows it to the girl. 'There you are,' says I, 'If you don't treat me different from now on, I'll go straight out and enlist for two years.'"

"Two years," says she. "Two years! Ah, don't be a piker, Slim, why don't you make it four?"

"Come to think of it," concluded Slim. "I don't think that Jane was as bughouse about me as I calculated."—The Leatherneck.

MICKIE SAYS—

FROM THE ROCK-BOUND SHORES OF MAINE TO THE SUN-KISSED VALLEYS OF CALIFORNIA, FROM THE SKYSCRAPERS OF THE CITY TO THE VILLAGE PRINT-SHOP, EDITORS ALL MAKE THE SAME WISH—THAT READERS'D PAY THEIR SUBSCRIPTIONS WITHOUT BEING ASKED!



Back to Love's Country

By ELLA SAUNDERS

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Lottie was thirty-three, the eldest of a line of brothers and sisters. Ranging in order next these were: Belle, twenty-six, blonde, and inclining to stoutness; Mary, twenty-four, dark and spirituelle, whatever that is; Dolly, twenty-one and vivacious; then came three boys and the youngest sister Lucy, aged twelve.

They lived in an uptown flat. It was not in the rich part of the town. It was not in the poor part. It was in that part that is so maddening in its monotony, where rows-and-rows of cheap apartment houses extend for miles facing each other across a dusty street.

Her father was a commercial traveler, who seldom came home. Her mother was a shrewish old woman, who ruled her family with a lashing tongue.

There had been a time—ten years before—when Lottie had sweethearts, like the other girls. But the cares of the family had devolved chiefly on her, and for five years she had been herself growing older and more faded. Now she was the household drudge, a fixture, she thought bitterly.

The man across the hall, who rented a room from Mrs. Paxton, seemed to have seen that. He was about her own age, and had stopped to exchange a few words with her now and again. Lottie had come to welcome this little respite in her monotonous lot.

"I'm going back to God's country, Miss Harting," he had said the week before, with a smile on his boyish face. "The Northwest where a man can stretch his limbs and breathe. I've had enough of city life. I've bought a ranch. . . ."

All the while he spoke her heart cried passionately. "Take me with you! I'll slave for you as I've slaved here. Only give me freedom too, a little love, a caress. . . ."

She had not seen him for a week. She did not expect to see him again.

She thought of all this bitterly, but without repining, as she busied herself about the apartment. It was in a sense a gala night for her, for it was the first time in months that she found herself alone. Only those who live ceaselessly in the company of others know what solitude means.

All the others, down to Lucy, had gone to Coney for the evening.

"Somebody's got to stay home to mind the place," said Mrs. Harting. "I guess it's you, Lottie. You're too old to get any amusement out of the beaches."

Lottie guessed it was she. And some one had to stay to do the innumerable things that were required. There was the week's darning, the beans to be put on to soak, Belle's and Mary's room to be turned out.

A tap at the door startled her. Visitors were very few and far between at the Hartings' apartment. The girls met their beaux outside. There was not room for courting.

Lottie opened the door timidly, and her heart almost stopped beating as she saw the man across the hall standing outside.

"Oh, good evening," she said timidly.

"May I come in?" he asked, his blue eyes lighting up with a smile.

Lottie admitted him and gave him a chair, but he did not sit down; he only stood and smiled at her.

"You the only one left?" he asked.

"Yes, they've gone to the beach," she answered, painfully conscious of her apron and the broom beside the sofa.

"You must have a pretty hard time here," he said gently.

Lottie's eyes filled with tears; she felt ashamed and mortified by the sobs that were forced from her. She wept uncontrollably.

She felt his hand upon her shoulder. She looked up out of her swimming eyes at him.

"I've thought that for a long time," he said. "I'm sorry. I'm leaving tonight, and just came in to say good-by."

"G-good-by," she whispered faintly. "Miss Harting, I—I want to say something more. Won't you leave all this behind you and come with me? Come West with me, where there won't be anything of this. Do you suppose I haven't seen how you're treated here?" he added with sudden passion.

"No, I know what you're going to say. You've got to look after your family. Well, you've had a long spell of it, as far as I can see. It's time some one else took up the burden."

"No, dear, I won't give you time to think. Just come! Come as you are. I'm going—now. And I want you. Will you come? I love you! Will you come now?"

And suddenly his arms were round her, and their lips met. And, side by side, they went down the stairs, into a brighter land—love's country.

His Queerness Was Fatal.

Hesperornis was a big bird who lived in the Kansas sea during the Cretaceous age. He sometimes reached the length of six feet from beak to tail, and was no mean enemy for the fish of his day. He had no wings. He couldn't fly, and so they withered. He couldn't walk, either. His legs were set far back on his body and turned outward like oars. He had jaws like a snake and teeth like a lizard. He lived his whole life in the waters. To-morrow's specialization. All the race of Hesperornis are dead now.

The Ten Commandments

THE FIRST COMMANDMENT:—Thou shalt have no other gods before me.—Exodus 20:3.

THE SECOND COMMANDMENT:—Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.—Exodus 20:4-6.

THE THIRD COMMANDMENT:—Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.—Exodus 20:7.

THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT:—Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested on the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.—Exodus 20:8-11.

THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT:—Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.—Exodus 20:12.

THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT:—Thou shalt not kill.—Exodus 20:13.

THE SEVENTH COMMANDMENT:—Thou shalt not commit adultery.—Exodus 20:14.

THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT:—Thou shalt not steal.—Exodus 20:15.

THE NINTH COMMANDMENT:—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.—Exodus 20:16.

THE TENTH COMMANDMENT:—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.—Exodus 20:17.

THE NEW COMMANDMENT:—Jesus said:—A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another: as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.—John 13:34, 35.



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